HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Harper's Weekly has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

BROADWAY.

A thoughtful person need never want occupation so long as he can walk Broadway of a sunny afternoon. There is a whole library of good books and a lifetime of experience condensed in the result of a thoughtful, observant, contemplative walk up and down Broadway between three and five of the afternoon.

My neighbor, Mrs. Charles, who was married under the elder Adams, and went to live (her husband was rich) in the fashionable quarter, namely, in Dey Street, relates to me with charming volubility stories of tender walks with her husband, before marriage, through the woods and along the stream in whose bed Canal Street now runs. She now occupies a four-story house in Twenty-third Street; and when her daughters—those famous belles, Araminta and Porcia—condescend to flavor the city with a visit, their excursion is bounded on the south by Peyser's. It is not lawful for a well-bred young lady to be seen south of Peyser's.

When that charming person, Miss T——, whose beauty and fortune are to make such a sensation this winter (the last was only a dull preface to a delightful book, her Uncle Josh being then alive and capable of marrying)—when that charming person, in a thoughtless moment, ventured down town on her return from Saratoga last week, and actually blessed the pavement of Maiden Lane with her tiny feet—she wanted some lace fresh from the importer's, and wanted it so badly that she overstepped *les convenances*, as indeed a young lady owning seventeen-lots on the Avenue and passing lovely may presume to do—when this angel (to come to the point) made the *faux pas* of showing herself in an atmosphere exclusively appropriated to trade, she had the unspeakable misfortune of meeting Livingston Smith on the very corner of Broadway. The town need not be told that young Livingston was, last winter, the happy of the happiest, and that matters even went so far that old T—— playfully asked old Smith—meeting him in the American Exchange Bank at the deposit desk—how much he was placing to the credit of "the young people?"

It was a rude shock to that amiable and sensitive youth. He had not heard of the return of the T——'s. To meet "her" here was like attending the funeral of her respectability. He bore it stoutly. To hesitate was to be lost. As she almost ran to him, with the vivacity of youth, with beaming eye, and hand outstretched, the well-bred youth fixed a glazed stare upon her for a second, then turned on his heel and sauntered away, whistling an improper air.

I sympathize with him. How could he know that that lovely girl, whose sweetness of temper is proverbial, would instantly send him his letters, and return him the copy of Martin Farquhar Tupper which he had sent her with the poem on "Marriage" marked? And frankly, if his conduct was questionable, from the moral point of view, how can she explain her presence *dans cette galère?*

Believe me, young ladies, let Peyser be your pillars of Hercules, beyond which no east wind should tempt you to wander. There is nothing below but dry goods and groceries. You may, of course, of a morning, when every Christian will respect your *incog.*, steal down to the delightful bower of silk and lace, which Master Stewart has erected for the temptation of frail youth and the exasperation of moneyed age, but linger not in its alluring precincts after one. As two o'clock approaches, the film which covers the best-bred eyes is dispelled, and you may be recognized. Beware of being seen and dealt with as Miss T—— was.

Of all points of view, I incline to think that the vicinity of the St. Nicholas Hotel is the best for seeing Broadway to advantage, and four o'clock, at this season, the hour. Not only that you then and there see the gayest toilets and the prettiest faces, but that the greatest variety of the human physiognomy may then and there be studied to the best advantage. It is well to observe bad faces as well as good; the plain with the pretty; the rogue and the Wall Street operator (I insist on making a distinction between the two, whatever moralists may pretend); the pretender (that is to say, the *parvenant*) and the *parvenu*, who was once a pretender.

When I watch the Misses F——, for instance, sweeping the street with their magnificent flounced silks, at $35 the dress, sailing onward without a hair's-breadth deviation from the perpendicular line, and barely touching one flounce with their pink-gloved fingers as they cross the street, what do I conclude? That the Misses F——, taking pity upon the city in consequence of the Conover and Devlin dispute, have devoted themselves, like modern Curtii, and leaped into the gulf—of mud? By no means. I merely perceive that one or both of these estimable young ladies has thick ankles. And when Mrs. S——, whose husband is in California, gazes lingeringly after the blue stage which has just driven up, do I suppose that she wants to ride? That mustached youth, who has just pulled the string so violently that the driver was nearly thrown off his box, could tell a different story. And when I see that gentlemanly, stout man, with a yellow mustache, and straw-colored gloves, and perfect boots, and generally a *tenue* in which Pelham could not find a fault, walking confidentially, arm-in-arm, with the pale, refined, sickly young man, who seems half afraid of being seen, yet fascinated by his companion's address—do I suppose these are friends? Bah! I know that one keeps a gambling-house, to which the other is the pigeon.

There are rare sights in Broadway. Ten days since Miss C——, who would be voted rather *too* fast were she not so undoubtedly well-bred and rich, gave her maid a splendid dress, which was slightly injured by having been plumped into an ice-cream left carelessly on a chair in the Nahant ball-room. At the very same time Mortimer S—— presented his man with a coat which he had worn once too often. On the last fine day the coat and the dress did duty. Jessup, who is short-sighted, bowed to the dress; the President of the —— Bank nodded graciously to the coat. Four calls were made at the C——'s under the impression that they had returned to town; and young Blunderton, who is famous for his *bévues*, observed to Miss C——'s aunt that he had seen the young lady in Broadway as he drove up, and he really never saw so splendid a figure. True, the maid is so fair that she might be taken for white; and the man is what our Southern friends would call "a very likely buck."

I like to see an Englishman—a pure, unadulterated, raw Englishman—in Broadway. There is something manly about the fellow; he looks so well fed, so sleek, so calmly conscious of his innate superiority to mankind at large. Other foreigners—Irishmen especially—tell the story of their servitude in their faces; the Englishman says—without speaking: "I don't mind letting you chaps stay here a while if you behave yourselves." He has but to say the word to sweep us all away. Yet he is good-natured in his greatness. He don't understand half he sees, but he tolerates it in his mighty compassion. His whiskers swell out, and his waist expands as he looks at our lean, cadaverous city folk; but he will not eat them up so long as he is duly supplied with roast beef and pudding.

A less pleasing sight by far is those among our people who hang about hotel doors and stare at the passers-by. My friend, Major B——, who is worth half a million, besides an estate in Texas, cut off his nephew George with a dollar for gazing at a pretty girl in a rude manner from the door of the St. Nicholas. Honor to the old boy! I do declare that if there exists a more loathsome and contemptible and utterly abominable race of men on this continent than the creatures one sees at the doors of the Broadway hotels, leering at every lady who passes, and spitting on the pavement (and not unfrequently on the ladies' dresses), I have not met them either in my reading or in my experience. Fancy the feelings of a pure, gentle, timid girl as she passes this group of satyrs, and encounters the insults of their gaze, and sometimes the grosser insults of their quite audible remarks. Have any of these brutes sisters? But perhaps they would not object to their passing such an ordeal. There are places in Water Street which I have seen where sailors, pickpockets, and negroes congregate. At night nameless enormities are said to be usual there. I have seen a timid working girl pass them, in full view of a group of the inmates; and I have noticed, with speechless admiration, that, though coarse remarks were made upon her freely enough after she had passed, neither in look, nor in deed, nor in speech, was her purity offended when she could be conscious of the offense. I recommend the *habitués* of the Broadway hotel steps to take a lesson in Water Street.

There is no end to the pictures in Broadway. That stooping old man (he is but forty-five) who ambles up Broadway after having ruined his old friend to make five per cent. on his paper; that pleasant-looking person, who has just failed, and don't intend to pay any thing—having made enough

BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE ST. NICHOLAS, AT FOUR OF THE AFTERNOON.

to dispense with public esteem; that sweet girl who was Mrs. Brown last winter, is Miss Lindsay this, and will be Miss Smith or Jones next; that fast young man with the gorgeous neck-tye and the dashing appearance, whose washer-woman has been unable to buy her little ones new shoes in consequence of his dishonesty; and—more pleasant, if rarer—that genuine New Yorker, who has done business for twenty years, never sued or cheated any one, always lent freely to deserving young men, never told a lie in his life, and is now worth half a million; that genial old lady, who lives in one of the best houses in Fifth Avenue, and asks every well-behaved person she knows—making no secret of the time when "we kept no servant, and I made P.'s bed and cooked his dinner"—a kindly, lovable, wise, and good old woman—these pleasant sights, too, are to be seen in Broadway; and happy is the man who can contemplate them with a loving consciousness of their beauty.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 29, 1857.

THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

Unless some accident should occur to the Transatlantic Telegraph Expedition, by the time these lines are before the public the daily papers will contain, twice a day, telegraphic news from all parts of Europe. It will be seen by our news, in another column, that the Expedition has started safely from the coast of Ireland; with the same good fortune continued for a few days, they would certainly arrive at their destination before this paper is laid before the public.

Passing over the private benefits of the telegraph, and the vast convenience it will be to travelers, we do not exaggerate when we say that it is the most momentous event that ever occurred, in respect of commerce and civilization, since the world began to move. It can only be compared to the invention of ships, or to some such event whereof the memory was long since lost. We have three great points of commercial contact with England: cotton, corn, and money; in these three staples our markets receive their cue from London. Speculation in cotton, corn, and money turns on "What will be the next news from England?" That speculation will now assume a different character. Instead of the wide fluctuations which have been consequent upon the arrival of steamers with three or four days' later news, we shall have, in all probability, a perpetual sensitiveness, kept alive by reports from London and Paris twice a day; trade will become more stable, and gambling will decline. There will be less room for fitful bursts of reckless enterprise, and more certainty of success in a steady, careful business.

But the chief result of the laying of the cable will be the union of this and the European countries in a close partnership. Our knowledge of each other will grow in proportion to the frequency of our mutual intercourse. When we have news from Europe twice a day, it will become as familiar to us as one of our own States; when the telegraph acquaints them twice a day with our doings here, they will at last begin to understand us. Hence, first, a natural and large development of our mutual commerce, which, large as it is, is not half as large as it might be; and, secondly, a gradual disappearance of the national prejudices which ignorance engenders and imperfect acquaintance maintains. How much of the bitterness of our past controversies with England might have been avoided had the communications between the two governments been rapid and constant, and no time left for angry minds to brood over supposed injuries!

We are glad to hear that Queen Victoria and President Buchanan are to inaugurate this great enterprise with a message of mutual compliment and good-will, and we hope that the people in both countries will follow that good example. We hope that the telegraph will never bear across the ocean a single message that shall not tend to increase the mutual respect, admiration, and love of the two great nations which it unites.

THE APPROACHING STATE ELECTION.

The Democracy of this State hold their State Convention at Syracuse on the 16th; the Republicans hold theirs on 23d, at the same place; the Know Nothings have a meeting at Brooklyn which will probably lead to a fusion between them and one of the other two parties, on the State ticket to be run this fall. At the election in November an entire new Legislature—Senate and Assembly—is to be chosen.

But one issue is involved. The great national questions of pro and anti-slavery will not be brought into the canvass, from the simple reason that the interest in them has died out for the present, and that matters which touch us more closely require to be settled. The issue to be resolved at this election is, whether the Legislature may disfranchise constituencies which incur its displeasure; whether it may, without the consent of the population of counties and cities, administer the municipal government of such counties and cities, either directly or by the instrumentality of persons appointed by it.

An effort has been made to conceal the true nature of the issue, by representing the new Police Law as a mere remedial measure, intended to meet the case of malefactors who fly from justice in New York to Kings or Richmond Counties, and thus set the police at defiance. But it must be borne in mind that the scope of the functions of the new Police is in nowise dependent upon their nomination by the central power at Albany. The powers of the Metropolitan Police might be made even more extensive than they are, and yet the Commissioners might be chosen by the people of the counties concerned. And were this done, no one would for an instant complain of the new law. It is the transfer of power from the counties to the Legislature which has roused all the opposition of the people here and elsewhere—a feature of the new law by no means essential to its existence, or inseparable from its good features.

That this transfer of power and patronage—and not a wholesome extension of the powers of the Police—was the main object of the authors of the Metropolitan Police Act is obvious from the tenor of other acts of last session—the Central Park Act, the City Hall Act, the Port Wardens Act, etc.—all of which, while purporting to give relief to the city, actually confer upon the Legislature or its creatures the administration of the municipal affairs of the city. The design, in fact, was unmistakable; and the question to be submitted to the people this fall is, whether the dominant party in the State shall practice such usurpations whenever its objects require them?

At the late election the party which made these laws—the Republicans—were in a large majority over each of the other two parties. It is not likely that they will retain their preponderance. The vote will be much smaller than that of 1856; and the diminution will fall most heavily on the Republicans, as the excitement which rallied them to the Fremont standard has subsided. Should the Know Nothings coalesce with the Democrats on the issue of Municipal Rights, as it seems quite likely they may do, the Republicans would lose the State without doubt, and the laws of last session would be amended so as to be acceptable to this city and the public at large.

SPENDING WELL AND SPENDING ILL.

Thanks to the diligent impertinence of the newspaper corps of detectives, who, in the disguise of clean linen and whole broadcloth, succeed in intruding themselves into the privacy of domestic life for the purpose of public exposure, we have had all the particulars and alphabetical personalities of the late revel of fashion at Newport. There is nothing left for a prurient curiosity to desire; it has been told of the superb point lace worn by the rich Miss A——, and the white tulle by the lovely Miss Z——; of the tens of thousands of oysters, the hundreds of woodcock, and proportionate galantines, *pâtés*, and all that is savory, devoured by these flimseys of fashion and ogres in appetite; of the magnificence of the upholstery; of the expansive portliness, the fullness of wealth, and prodigality of expense of the host. Moreover, that the whole thing may "come home to men's business," which, with us practical Yankees, is a more direct appeal than to our bosoms, the whole expense is summed up, and we are told that the grand *fête* cost from five to ten thousand dollars.

It is not our affair how this or that private spendthrift may spend his money; but the general social evil such personal prodigality may indicate comes fairly within the scope of public comment. It is not desirable that the rich should be niggards in expenditure, but it is desirable that they should so spend their money that neither the public morals nor the public tastes should suffer. In this country, where wealth exercises so much influence, publicity gives so great prominence to its example, and uniformity of taste so wide a scope to its power, it especially behooves those who have the control of social opinion to use it with discretion.

This association of great expense with social entertainment is the chief evil of American city life. It is this which, for sociability, the communion of friends, the delights of conversation, and the kindness of sympathy, has substituted the formality of fashion, its frivolous small-talk, and its cold-blooded indifference. Every one must spread an expensive feast for fashion at least once in the season, though he be obliged to send away his friend without breaking bread on every day for the rest of the year. There are those who can afford, no doubt, to be fashionable and hospitable too, but the great majority can not be both; and, call it what you will, vice, folly, or caprice, it is impossible to deny the fact that fashion carries the day at the expense of hospitality.

Ruskin read a lecture, a few weeks since, to an audience at Manchester, very much like such as he would have found at New York, composed of thriving men of business, and he took care to tell them some good wholesome truths.

"I would not," he said, "have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicings of ceilings, and grainings of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands of such things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never belonged the blessings of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility."

It is an error, and a very vulgar one too, not only from its general prevalence but from the essential grossness of its results, that wealth need not be discriminating in its expenditure. It is thought if money is only spent it matters not with what object, for the world will be equally benefited. We need hardly remind our prudent utilitarians of the counting-house that a thousand dollars shot off in a spirt of fire-works is an absolute loss of value, while the same amount invested in a ship's bottom is a positive gain. It seems necessary, however, to hint to the prodigals of society that the money spent in the costly and gross excitements of fashion is not only a waste but a serious public evil; while the same amount expended under the guidance of a judicious taste would give a profit, if not in dollars and cents, in the no less substantial return of increased social refinement.

It would be better that our men of wealth should continue at their dull desks, where, in spite of themselves, their money, in subjection to the laws of trade, is doing the world some good, than that they should shut up their ledgers and strive to play a part in society before they have learned the difference between social refinement and vulgar display. They will only waste their money, and injure the public morals, by their not knowing what good taste and refined culture can alone teach, the distinction between "spending well and spending ill."

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE.

We see that our cousins in Boston are at last going to have a monthly magazine of their own. Messrs. Phillips and Sampson are currently reported to be on the point of starting a monthly, to be called the *Northern Magazine*, and to reflect that shade of intellect and opinion which is peculiar to the Radicals of New England. It is, we hear, intended to supersede the *North American Review*, which of late years has not kept pace with the progressive development of Bostonian transcendental philosophy. Mr. Underwood, who is known to be probably the most distinguished literary man of Boston, is reported as the future editor; and engagements are said to have been made with such eminent foreigners as Signor Ruffini, and several others equally famous, for a regular supply of manuscripts. It would appear, from a letter in the *Evening Post*, that the literary men who contribute are to be bound over by articles of apprenticeship, so that they may not cease to be contributors until the term of their service is ended.

However conscientious conservatives may regret the prospect of a further dissemination of radical doctrine in the pages of this new periodical, it was in the nature of things to expect that the ultra North, like the ultra South, would have its monthly as well as its daily organs.

And it only remains for those who take an interest in the progress of this class of literature to wish well to the new-comer, and to hope that the circle of sages and scholars—for whose especial benefit it is understood to be designed—may be large enough to afford it a lucrative support.

It may be worth while to note, however, at the outset, that the *Northern Magazine* is not recommended to public favor as an American periodical; but that, on the contrary, the contributors whose names are the most widely advertised are foreigners—such, as we said, as the eminent Ruffini. It is not our province to question the wisdom of this policy; but should our forthcoming contemporary fail to achieve the success it may deserve, we hope that the poor public may not again be abused for lacking the discrimination necessary to support wholesome native literature.

FRENCH NOVELS.

The death of Eugene Sue, which occurred early in August, naturally suggests reflection on the class of literature of which he was one of the earliest and most famous masters. His leading works, the "Mysteries of Paris," the "Wandering Jew," the "Foundling," the "Seven Capital Sins," etc., have been republished in this country, and have met with a moderate sale.

The first discovery to which a study of these works leads is the utter want of any useful purpose in the writer. Beyond the amusement of the moment, these novels are aimless.

And yet Sue was no unfair type of the popular French romancists of the day. Alexander Dumas is not more moral or more useful than he; Fred Soulié was even more worthless; Paul de Kock more depraved; George Sand needs no description; the host of lighter tale writers generally volatile, purposeless, and empty. We shall perhaps best indicate the value of modern French fiction by stating that, while we have held ourselves ready to use any French tale of adequate character that appeared in the periodicals or the books published at Paris, we have scarcely ever discovered one that was worth translating.

It seems that the Anglo-Saxon mind—in its intense practicalness—requires something more than amusement even in works of fiction. We love Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer—not alone because they amuse us—but because every chapter of their novels is as beneficial as a well-digested sermon; because one can not read them without improving one's moral nature; because—like the red-hot sand of the old Tyrian engineers—the wholesome truths and the manly lessons which they teach penetrate, with the help of their wit and humor, through the chinks in our intelligence which are closed to the heavy weapons of our clerical teachers. No boy or girl can read Dickens, or Thackeray, or Bulwer's later works without deriving moral advantage; it is greatly to be doubted whether the same persons could read the modern French authors of fiction without positive injury.

☞ The reader will find on the fourteenth page of this paper the material parts of the admirable judgment just rendered by Surrogate Bradford on the Cunningham marriage case. It will repay a careful perusal.

CHAT.

THE COMING EVENT.

Expectation was never so alive as at this moment, when it impatiently waits from day to day the laying of that electric bond which is to unite the Eastern and Western Worlds. When the great fact that the union is consummated flashes upon us, and space is not only conquered but time outstripped, we shall be conscious of the most marvelous triumph of modern art and enterprise. Great as will be, however, the fact, still greater must be the results. With the whole world's attention concentrated upon this momentous experiment, how bewildered are the imaginations of all by any attempt to conceive the probable consequences of its success! Enterprise seems almost to have outstripped its own powers of calculation, and does not venture to hazard an estimate of the effects of its own work. Who can conjecture, at this moment, the probable result to national policy, to commerce, to human sympathies, and to individual life and thought? Bewildered, indeed, we are about the future, but the uncertainty of that future may be in a very few days a present reality; and while now we are lost in empty speculation, then we shall be in the fullness of realization. We know how, in daily life, the sudden meeting with a relative, a friend, or business connection whom we have never known but through a distant correspondence, gives vitality to mutual acquaintance, appreciation, and sympathy. We know how the grasp of the hand sends a current of feeling to the heart, securing mutual interest; we know how the personality of presence and ease of familiar talk give intimacy, and we feel at once the difference between the warmth of friendship and the indifference of mere acquaintance. We can suppose, then, that this prospective meeting between Europe and America, promising hourly communion and daily conversation, will secure such results nationally as we know to be produced socially. But why prophesy in an age when the will of the doer brings to light the fulfillment so rapidly that there is hardly a shadow out of which the foresight of the seer may shape the conjecture of a coming event? The great fact of the laying of the telegraphic cable between the continents is now being accomplished. Before we have fairly appreciated the stupendous enterprise, we shall be in the full consciousness and enjoyment of the results. However these may now puzzle speculation, we can confidently hope that then "we shall know how good and pleasant a thing it is to dwell in unity."

ENGLISH NOVELISTS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

It was hardly to be expected that Dickens's satire of the Circumlocution Office in "Little Dorrit," which tells so effectually against English official mismanagement, would be allowed to pass without a protest on the part of those whose delinquencies have been so exposed to the ridicule and scorn of the world. The Tite Barnacles have accordingly come out with a manifesto, availing themselves for its publication of the *Edinburgh Review*, of the editorship of which one of the Barnacle family happens to have the control—Mr. Cornewall Lewis, a sub-official under Lord Palmerston. This manifesto, however, is not so much a defense as an attack, and shows pretty clearly that the Barnacles, having very little to say for themselves, have been reduced to the necessity of trying to make out a case against their opponents. The *Review* article is a charge upon the modern novelists generally, and upon Dickens and Reade especially, "for," as Dickens himself says, "not confining themselves to the mere amusement of their readers, and for testifying in their works that they seriously feel the interest of true Englishmen in the welfare and honor of their country."

Dickens comes manfully to his defense in a late number of the *Household Words*, with a frank acknowledgment that his hand writes the paper. His words are earnest, but uttered in the best possible temper, controlled, as he acknowledges, by the remembrance of the past good services of the *Edinburgh Review*, the loving affection of Jeffrey, the friendship of Sydney Smith, and the faithful sympathy of both. He first settles a small account of his own with the reviewer, who says, sneeringly, that the catastrophe in "Little Dorrit" had been borrowed from a recent fall of houses in London, which happened to have occurred and been report-

ed in the newspapers just at the nick of time for the novelist's convenience. Dickens nails this counterfeit at once, by proving that the catastrophe was duly anticipated in the early part of "Little Dorrit," and was written, engraved on steel, and printed, long before the accident from which it was supposed to have been borrowed had occurred. This untruth sent home to the conscience of his critic, gives Dickens the occasion of turning the "License of Modern Novelists," which is the taking title of the *Review* article, into a charge against the "License of Modern Reviewers."

The Barnacle manifesto points to the case of Rowland Hill as a triumphant vindication of the Circumlocution Office from the general imputation of neglecting talent and resisting the approach of ingenuity. Dickens shows clearly how Rowland Hill struggled year after year, in vain, to be heard in the midst of official confusion and impertinence, and how it was only by a vigorous and long-continued push, with a timely shove from the public, and, finally, after a delay of seventeen years, that he, Rowland Hill, the right man, got into the right place. It is therefore suggested by Dickens that there may have been a misprint in the Barnacle manifesto, and the name of the pertinacious though often repelled Post-office reformer been by mistake substituted for that of some more lucky and facile intruder.

At the close of Dickens's temperate rebuke of the spokesman of the Barnacles, he alludes to the possibility that that officious gentleman may have his hands full in taking care of the character of the Circumlocution Office when brought to account for its management of the Indian troubles, in which Dickens seems not only to forebode, in common with all his countrymen, public disaster, but to feel a trembling anxiety, together with many an English father, for the safety of his son—a cadet, we believe, in the East India Company's service.

Reade, the author of "Christie Johnstone," with less reliance on the justice of his cause than Dickens, as might be naturally expected from his fewer years and his less assured position before the public, loses his temper under the buffeting of the Barnacles, as may be seen from his letter to the *Saturday Review*, which re-echoed the denunciations of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*. Reade writes:

"Saturday Review,—You have brains of your own, and good ones. Do not you echo the bray of such a very small ass as the *Edinburgh Review*. Be more just to yourself and to me. Reflect! I must be six times a greater writer than ever lived, ere I could exaggerate suicide, despair, and the horrors that drove young and old to them; or (to vary your own phrase) write 'a libel upon Hell.' Yours sincerely, Charles Reade.
"Garrick Club, *July* 22."

FILIBUSTERISM IN BODY.

Filibusterism may be something very gallant and adventurous in spirit, but in body it is apparently the very personification of misery. Our eyes are not unused, in this large city, to the sight of wretchedness, but our very beggars look jolly in comparison with the miserable remnants of "Walker's army" who now and then show themselves in the streets, on their way, as so many prodigals or paupers, to their homes or the Alms-house. A ship arrives and discharges its forlorn load of returned filibusters at the dock, and for a few days you see scattered about the public places of the city the most melancholy objects we ever beheld. Poverty we have seen, and hunger, and sickness, and despair; but we have never seen them all at work together to such a complete ruin of humanity as in the case of these Walker men. They hardly seem to belong to our race, and you are puzzled to detect a familiar feature. With their skeleton frames, their yellow faces, their dull eyes, their listless expressions, their prostrate attitudes, their languid movements, and their miscellaneous raggedness, they are more like a set of Oriental miserables than so many European or native sufferers.

MONTREAL AND WHITE MOUNTAINS CORRESPONDENCE.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

August 22, 1857.

Dear Editor,—Tired of the unending perturbations of Saratoga, the confusion, dissipation, and incomplete flirtations going on around, we fly to Nature and her lovely scenes (imagine a paragraph of enthusiasm!) as some relief from the satiety of society, where the chief anxiety seems to be to solve the problem of perpetual—emotion, as I should phrase it. To tell you the truth, I became very angry at the fashion young men have recently adopted in dancing the polka; and one thing I wish you'd do is, hint to them that it is not necessary in that dance to shake our hands, or rather jog them up and down, at the rate they do. Some of them jerk one's arm almost out of the socket; and it looks so ugly too! Now I used to like Mr. ——'s dancing very much, he held you so firmly and comfortably; he, too, has just acquired this trick, much to our regret; but I resolved, the last evening at the Springs, that he should not perform such gymnastics with me. My arm is good, particularly the right, and that is the one extended in dancing, you know; so I did not choose its effect to be impaired, and our gyrations to be made ungraceful in that manner. Therefore, when he took my hand, I held his rather more closely than well-bred indifference would tolerate. It never entered my head what he might think of such an indubitable clasp, or to what his masculine self-sufficiency might ascribe it; but with much firmness on my part, we danced together very comfortably the whole evening, until, toward the last, he began to make himself ridiculous, and to look down upon me with the most patronizing tenderness. The puppy! But it is just like the conceited impudence of your sex, to fancy by that pressure I was making myself foolish, when it was simply done to prevent *his* making us both absurd! So I had to end that last polka rather abruptly, and say I was tired, when I wasn't in the least, and that I had to pack my trunks in order to start the first thing the next morning. But I have resolved on my own part to let him know the true cause of my demonstrations when next we meet, for it is certainly wrong to encourage hopes one doesn't mean to fulfill.

So after all this frivolity, and a little weary of continually changing our dresses, we thought we would start for the mountains, and in order to be intellectual, would take Montreal in our way. At this moment all the pundits in the land are supposed to be there; assembled, you know, to attend this renowned Scientific Convention; and, of course, it must be very improving to imbibe such an atmosphere of learning, if only for a day. I must own I felt a little bewildered by the profundity of every thing; but when I recovered myself, and began to inquire about the handsomest professors I knew of, to my great grief none of them were there, not even that handsome Agassiz. Well, if they can't boast of beauty, I suppose they can of wisdom, for I am sure, *en masse*, they are quite ugly enough to make us infer it. Then besides these wise ones, there are plenty of ignorant fellows, who, on the strength of a lecture or two at some of our girls' schools, style themselves "Professor;" and whenever you refer to the Convention, always answer with a "*we*," "we intend" doing so and so, when they have about as much to do with the meetings as I have. Then there are the Montreal young ladies, in a flutter of scientific enthusiasm, exclaiming "How interesting!" over the ugliest specimens of any thing that their admirers like to point out to them. They enjoy it very much, and seem to be quite happy. There are also delightful *conversaziones*, which all the pretty women attend on principle. One can flirt, you know, free of all conscience, *sans peur et sans reproche*, under the standard of science; it is not difficult to combine sentiment and sea-shells, fascination and fish-bones, to great advantage, if one has but dexterity enough to exclaim "Oh!" and "Ah!" in the right places, and to turn up the eyes expressively when we don't know what to say. The intelligent young ladies get on very well indeed, with their smattering of the ologies, and it really is astonishing how little we need know, in order to make the most sensible of men pronounce us "very well-read women." A little attention to what *they* say, seems to carry us so far in their amiable estimation.

These Montreal belles are very pretty, at least their fresh, blooming complexions attract one; it is an English attribute, I suppose. But I should like to know if there is much difference in the climate across the St. Lawrence, for I must say I never saw so many fat women together in my life. Some of them, actually monstrous, I never saw equaled, except among the fashionables of New York, where, as you know, we have a few really prize specimens of the sex. Generally speaking, I can not say much for their costume—they are more English than French in their taste—though the Montreal shops are excellent, both in style and decoration, and the ladies have no excuse in deficient stores for their own shortcomings. They seem to enjoy themselves very rationally, riding and driving about their pleasant suburbs. Montreal is really a delightful place; its old-world aspect and handsome stone buildings are quite refreshing, and the French *patois* that one hears on every side is as charming as it is unintelligible. The roads are among the best in the world, and the beautiful scenery round the city causes them to be constantly filled with excursionists. Better than all is to hear the military band play "God Save the Queen." I know patriotism is not my weakness, but I really thought it would be worth giving up the Declaration of Independence in order to hear often that beautiful air so finely performed. A republic *can't* do it, I am sure; it does not manage the *pianos* and *fortes* as they do in a monarchy, somehow or other; why it is, I don't know. Even if it were tried, and the air applied to the President, it wouldn't do; nobody wants a president "long to reign over us;" setting aside all constitutional limitations, there are so many ready and anxious to step into his place. Well, with the military band, the gentlemanly officers, the pretty faces, and the solid-looking streets, I liked Montreal very much, notwithstanding the heavy cloud of learning that at present hangs over the city, and oppressed me greatly. I do hate any thing like information when I am on a party of pleasure; and unless a learned man has handsome eyes, he is perfectly insufferable, I think.

After thus strengthening our intellects, and enlarging our minds amidst the Convention, for a day or two, we tore ourselves away, and proceeded down the great Trunk Railroad through Canada and Maine, and some very fine scenery, to the beloved White Mountains. There is one station on that route, Island Pond by name, which is one of the most lovely places in the country; by-and-by, no doubt, when it becomes known, it will be a favorite resort. American husbands are really admirable in their manners and morals; no other nation can compare with them. Wherever one goes the infant is always seen in the father's arms, while the mother sits beside, agreeably unencumbered! Is it ever seen any where else, I wonder (most certainly I never saw it), that "Pa" takes care of the squalling child while "Ma" sits passive, hearing the shrill cries, but suffering the anxious father to appease them as he can? It is a system I quite approve, for women have so much to worry them in this world that I like the husbands also to have a little torment occasionally; but, admirable as it is, I question whether it is much practiced out of this country. As it is, I consider the American husband a model martyr, and respect him accordingly.

I was much struck with this state of things on our way up here, particularly the last part of the route, a fearful stage journey, when the gentlemen behaved most excellently, and we women very disagreeably, screaming or else groaning at every terrific bump of the loaded vehicle. But we are here, at last, in the heart of the White Mountains—at the very foot of Mount Washington, surrounded by clouds and mists, lofty peaks, dense woods, foaming torrents, sparkling cascades, lovely brooks, green trees, gray rocks, charming foregrounds, poetical distances, every thing to delight the eye of the artist, and soften the heart of the man of the world. You know the hotels up here, with their roaring wood-fires, their crowds of guests, all wrapped in shawls and cloaks, the halls filled with the baggage of the goers and comers that every body tumbles over, and is never put out of the way. You know the long, thin, narrow-chested landlords, who don't seem to trouble themselves about any thing, and look as *nonchalant* as if they didn't belong to the place, and cared for nothing in the world, until the crisis of bill-making-out arrives, when the gleam at the corner of the eyes, and the sum total combined, reveal at once the 'cute Yankee. Of course we make up our minds to "rough it" in places like this; but, taking Nature in the rough, why we should find ourselves compelled to take human nature in the rough also, is more than I can see. Why should our bell never be answered? Why should we have to wait half an hour for an additional jug of water in the morning? Why should we be unable to get any breakfast after the hour of seven A.M.? Why should those at table eat systematically with their knives, and hold the blade instead of the handle? And why should the surly waiters be as rough as the ascent to Mount Washington itself? It is all very well to simplify matters; that I have no objection to whatever; but wherever one goes, one likes to have enough to eat, and that enough properly cooked. It is not pleasant to arrive after a weary and bruising journey, to find, with a house full of hungry travelers, that "there ain't no steak to be had; but there's the teapot, if you like to put water in it, only the fire's gone out!" Cheering, isn't it? and in a spot which some hundreds of persons visit daily during the season. No wonder gentlemen carry pocket-pistols! I believe the hotels don't like to be found fault with, but rather expect us to thank them for kindly emptying our purses, and making themselves perfect sharks where our pockets are concerned. But, on the other hand, some persons argue that two and three dollars per diem for sleeping on floors and remaining hungry is more than they like to pay for such privileges, and they retreat to fight the good fight elsewhere. There is, however, one excellent hotel among these hills, well kept and comfortable; and for fear of hurting the owner's feelings I won't mention it, but leave it to be discovered by its own merits.

Out of the world as we are, a newspaper now and then finds its way to us; and a certain version of life in the White Mountains, as given in *Harper's Weekly Journal*, has excited great indignation here, and we voted the other evening that such shocking impressions should not be suffered to pass uncontradicted. As to the ascent of the Mountain, it is charming; and as to bathing our feet in the brooks, and leaping about like ballet-dancers, *I* have seen nothing of the sort. But I will tell you what we really do with ourselves next time. For the present, good-by. Yours truly.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SPARROWGRASS.

My Dear Sparrowgrass,—You know as well as I that in the age of Chesterfield, the Montagues, Pope, and such like easy writers, elegant epistles were in vogue. Fine ladies and gentlemen then sat down before their elaborate desks and concocted elaborate letters, in which they criticised, moralized, or rambled through whole paragraphs of delightful nothings, just as the fit seized them. It was a pleasant dressing-gown-and-slipper kind of literature. How delighted did all those great people seem to get off of their high heels, and out of their stiff stomachers and embroidered coats! Not that they were at all careless, or slip-shod in style. Not a bit of it. They wrote their very best; but the reason that they *did* write their best was that they had not the fear of the public before them—that awful public of clergymen, moralists, and other good people, who are down on a fellow if he makes the slightest ethical tumble, and who make up for their own want of morality by insisting on its possession by every one else.

I do not see why this agreeable system of correspondence should not be revived—why we should not have our Sevignès, our Popes, and Montagues now. We have better writing in our newspapers than they had in their books; and, as Scott said, there is poetry published anonymously in our magazines which would have made the reputation of a man who lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries.

Within the last couple of years I have seen but little of you, my dear Sparrowgrass. You have turned farmer, and when I do catch a glimpse of you, you have a sun-burned nose, and smell of cows. I learn by your book that you are very much enamored of the country, in spite of your unpleasant equine and porcine experiences. I think you are an enthusiast. I recollect very well when you were perfectly contented with a city life, and enjoyed your theatre, your club, and your convivial meeting as well as any other man. I even doubt whether—out of poetry—the rural life had any attractions for you then. I believe you looked upon the country, in your inmost soul, only as a place from which the city derived its butter, milk, and peaches. Tusculum would have been nothing more to you than a fresh dessert after dinner.

But now all is changed. You wear thick boots, can tell oats from wheat as soon as it is above ground, and I have no doubt, like every other country gentleman with whom I am acquainted, bore your visitors by exhibiting to them wonderful squashes, and plethoric but unsavory pigs.

I confess that, delightful as your book on the country is, I can not bear, with any degree of equanimity, your overweening assumption of the superiority of country over city life. In the first place, I don't think it is real. Occasionally you seem to me to indulge in a mock enthusiasm. If I did not know you to have a soul above speculation, I should imagine that you had a place for sale somewhere in your neighborhood. In the next place, I don't think all this nonsense that is talked about living in the country is quite just. I have little doubt that if I were to be always invisibly at your elbow I would more than occasionally catch you anathematizing that pastoral life which, when you have your lamps lit, and are seated in your luxurious library chair, you know so well how to eulogize.

The city is not so bad after all. Depend on it that the usual country resorts in such weather as this are poor places. One can really be cooler in the city. I'll wager that *you* don't depend on the resources of the country to make yourself comfortable. You are surrounded by the city, I warrant me. Your furniture is not rustic; your carpets are not of moss; your lamps are not glow-worms; your coat is not homespun, and perhaps you wear patent-leather shoes. All that you have done is to take the city out of town with you, on the strength of which performance you turn about and abuse all of us who don't own horses and who are not visited by pigs.

You say, there is the contemplation of Nature, animate and inanimate—the Palisades and the poultry. As for the Palisades, the Corporation are going to paint our Park railings as soon as the Lowber claim shall have been settled, so that there I'm even with you. With regard to animated Nature, I have frequent opportunities of studying it in the city. Take the common house-fly, for instance; what more interesting animal to be found? Why, one might spend a lifetime in examining the wonderful organization of these little creatures. They are infinitely more beautiful in reality than a cow. Their marvelous eyes, formed of ten thousand *facettes*; their wings of membrane, so delicate that they are shot with numberless filmy, prismatic hues. Then what extraordinary gymnasts are they! They walk back downward on glass with the greatest ease. Apropos of this, it is a vulgar error to suppose that the house-fly is enabled to perform this feat in consequence of having his feet so constructed as to form what the boys call "suckers," that is, adhere to smooth surfaces by atmospheric pressure. Mr. Blackwall proved, in spite of Dr. Derham, that the soles of the fly's feet were covered with hair, which, of course, would interfere with such an arrangement. The mystery of the fly's adhering to glass is a mechanical one, but is still a mystery.

The bee is, I know, more conventionally poetical than the house-fly, but really not more entertaining. He is associated, of course, with clover, and fields, and sunny gardens, and golden honey, and all that sort of thing; but then, my dear Sparrowgrass, *he stings!* In this I see a type of many of your rural beauties. They are charming, no doubt, but they sting. For instance, your fields are lovely, clad in the splendid caparisons of summer; but all along those enameled meads float invisible miasma, and the poet who spends his evenings in those pastures awakes in the morning with fever and ague. Your garden is a source of much pleasure to you, no doubt, but does that splendid bed of melons compensate to you for the heart-burnings which you experienced when, in the spring, *your* celery failed and Jones's was magnificent? Jones is your neighbor, and of course, living in the country, you hate him. Lord Normanby says in one of his novels, "You may talk of the deadly feuds of the wild Indians, but for real, genuine, uncontrollable hatred give me country neighbors in this Christian country!" Now in town we don't hate our neighbors. My next door acquaintance, Smith, may have celery five yards in length growing on his window-sill, and it would not cost me a pang.

Then there are your cattle. What agony I have seen men in the country suffer about their live-stock. Cows with the murrain, sheep with the foot-rot, horses with the spavins, poultry with the pip, and all the other diseases to which butcher's flesh is heir. In town we are happily ignorant of live-stock, pigeons perhaps excepted, and if any of those vagrant birds get ill or die the owner is seldom the wiser.

I think I can detect in your book an undercurrent of regret for that town life which you have so unwisely forsaken. Be honest and return to the fold. Your shepherd's pipe is cracked by this time. Your sheep have ticks, and Chloe is freckled. You must be tired of crying, "I, too, am of Arcadia!" Yours ever,

The Man About Town.

MY MONEY ARTICLE.

During the past week money has been rather tight with me. The *Illinois* brought in $1,658,072 in gold, but I have not got any of it yet. Specie payments have been small, but I have found a difficulty in obtaining money of any species. I make the following quotations from foreign sources.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas, qui coûte.*"
"Was ist der Deutscher's vaterland?"
"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

It is stated that at the Board of Brokers on Friday, New York Central Railroad advanced. I have not been able to learn how far it has gone yet, but I will have the distance measured in time for next number. On the whole, the stock market improved last week, which I am glad to learn. I understand that it was repaired by an eminent watch-maker in this city. The decrease in loans was inconsiderable; Mr. Simpson having advanced this week on my watch within a few shillings of the sum he gave me last time. The gains in specie were also small, but the loss in deposits was serious. I deposited a new summer over-coat on the table at Sweeny's while taking my dinner, and some fiend in human form stole it.

I find by the English mails that quotations for consols show an advance. If this is the case, why don't they appoint a consul for New York?

I conclude here, because I want to borrow five dollars of Smith, and want to catch him before he goes out for the evening.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Departure from Tyre.—Sidon.—American contrasted with English Missions.—Oriental Justice.—A Run for Life.—A Ride to Beyrout.—No Letters.—Tents pitched on the Shore.—Songs and Psalms.—Night in the Tents.

Leaving Tyre in the morning we rode on with our friends, passing Sarepta without pausing, until we reached the shore near Sidon, and here we parted from them, they going on to Beyrout to rejoin the steamer, we pausing to turn eastward into the holy land of Galilee. Houssein met us here with the tents.

I wandered in the forenoon through Sidon, making a few purchases in the miserable little shops, and sat on the sea-shore near our tents all the afternoon recalling the usual subjects of thought in such places, the illustrations of fulfilled prophecy.

I defy any man to go through Palestine with his Bible in his hand and not believe that the men who wrote these predictions, which no one can doubt were written centuries ago, were inspired of God—that Ezekiel spoke the voice of the Almighty when he said, "Behold, I am against thee, O Zidon!"

Of the ancient glory of the city of purple nothing remains. Along the coast, here and there, are broken tombs, masses of indefinable ruins, the solemn monuments of the accomplishment of God's intent against the city of the sea. Within, the city is like all others that I have seen or described. It would but weary you to repeat the story of narrow streets, filthy bazars, crowding Arabs, Druses, Moslems, and Christians. Perhaps the pleasantest feature of the city is the American mission here established. I called on the resident missionaries, and was deeply impressed here, as I have been elsewhere, with their vast pre-eminence as sensible, laboring men over the missionaries of all other nations I have seen. The English mission to the Jews in Jerusalem is—with all deference to the Lord Bishop—a humbug. It is a waste of money, labor, and intellect. On the contrary, the American missions in the north of Syria are accomplishing wonders; and the reason for the difference is simply this, that the Americans are men of common-sense, who take hold of the people in a frank and intelligent way. They gain their confidence, teach them to regard them as friends, show them that they are the pioneers of civilization, art, and science, and if they do not convert them, they at least stand in a position to take advantage of the political changes in the East, which all know are inevitable, sooner or later.

Toward evening I walked out into a great cemetery of the Moslems. Miserable, melancholy fields these Moslem burial-places are. But the most melancholy scenes in them are the mourning groups of women. I saw half a dozen of them, some here, some there, uttering those loud cries of sorrow which in the streets and the houses may seem mere noisy demonstrations of grief, but which have special signification in the place of graves. There was one woman here that I feared would die, so fierce was her grief.

God knows she had reason for it. The widow of a Mohammedan who has loved her husband, hopeless of meeting him ever again, forced to believe him in the embraces of houries, within whose arms he has forgotten her, may well be inconsolable. I approached to soothe her, and she spat toward me with a curse, then wailed aloud once more. The air rang with the cry as she threw herself down on the tomb in which her husband lay, as she had left him to be questioned by the angels. They bury their dead with open space in the grave above their heads, so that they can sit up when the angel comes; and believing that they suffer torment from the moment of death till this examination is over, they hasten the ceremony of burial, so that it always follows death a very few hours.

GRAVE-YARD.

As I came out of the cemetery I met a well-dressed man attended by half a dozen officers, who were all walking toward me. I have not yet found out who the man was, whether the resident governor or only the sheik of the village. In the party, however, was a miserable-looking fellah, a common man of the country, who was evidently under strong suspicion of deserving a thrashing.

The party approached me, and the chief advanced with a respectful salutation. I returned it, and assured him of my profound sense of his grandeur.

He assured me of my alliance with all the Sultans of the earth. I enlightened him on the magnificence of his own ancestry.

In short, we bowed and exchanged the usual salutations, and he proceeded to business.

This poor fellah had been caught having in his possession a silk handkerchief, which it was suspected he had stolen from my tents. A glance at it showed me that it was Hamilton's, and he must have lost it as he rode through the town. A few inquiries satisfied me that it had been taken from him as he sat in the bazars a few moments.

The culprit looked imploringly at me, and at length got down on his knees, and began to kiss my hands demonstratively. I obtained leave of the officer in charge to punish him as I saw fit, and he sent him down to the tents with me, where John and myself held a consultation what to do with him. Houssein recommended hanging. Houssein thinks stealing from a Howajji the grandeur of crime. Achmed, the cook, recommended the rope on his other extremity—to wit, a rapping on the soles of his feet. I detest the bastinado. John Steenburger proposed to give the fellow a chance for his life, and frighten him.

We accordingly took him down to the beach, gave him a hundred yards start, and told him that the man who caught him had license to cut his scalp off. When he started we gave the war-whoop. I think it probable he is running yet. He started like a deer. The last we saw of him he was on the way to Tyre at a flying gallop, and if he kept on at that rate he must be nearly to Jaffa by this time.

Houssein had heard something at Demetri's hotel in Beyrout about letters for us, but he could not find any. Indeed, no banker would deliver them to him if there were any. But we thought it worth a day's gallop to run the chance of getting them, and so the next day we rode up to Beyrout. We saw Hamilton and the rest of them again, but found no letters, and returned in the afternoon, expecting to reach Sarepta and find our tents there.

We had directed our men to leave Sidon in the forenoon, but they had found pleasanter occupation; so that when we returned to our camp they had but just left, and we overtook them in an hour. The night was coming on. It was manifest we should not reach Sarepta as we had anticipated, and we ordered them to halt on a slope close to the sea. Here we sat and shivered while dinner was prepared. John was in an ill humor—I in no better. Food improved us a little; coffee smoothed the troubled waters of our minds as if it were oil; and tobacco did the rest. By nine o'clock we were in a glorious condition, and then we sang.

How we did sing! Houssein and his men looked in in horror, thinking the Pashas were gone mad. What do they know of music, poor devils? They sometimes drone a long song or story in a monotonous strain, but when they hear a rattling, roaring song they don't understand it at all.

Perhaps you have heard the "Postillion Song." Perhaps you have sung it. Well, Sir, we sung it, and we sung "Come, landlord, fill," and we sung "Benny Havens," and we sung many other songs along the coast of Tyre and Sidon that night; and as the night wore on we sung more quiet songs; and then we took to hymns—dear old hymns!—to which the Holy Land was not uncongenial, which might make the atmosphere of Galilee more delicious and more glorious. Some were those quaint old camp-meeting songs that are so stirring and grand, and we made the hill back of the tents echo to our Hallelujahs. Then came— But why tell you what we sung? You know those dear old hymns, which voices have sung which sing them now with angels. The wind came down from Lebanon to hear us, and the sea broke on the beach with a low, deep melody in unison with our thoughts and feelings; and then we lay back on our camp-beds and slept.

I give you this as a sketch of our usual evenings in the tents. Sometimes we are pretty well tired out, and sleep instantly after dinner; but generally we talk a little, and laugh a little, and sing a little. I can not say that we do often sing quite so uproariously as that evening.

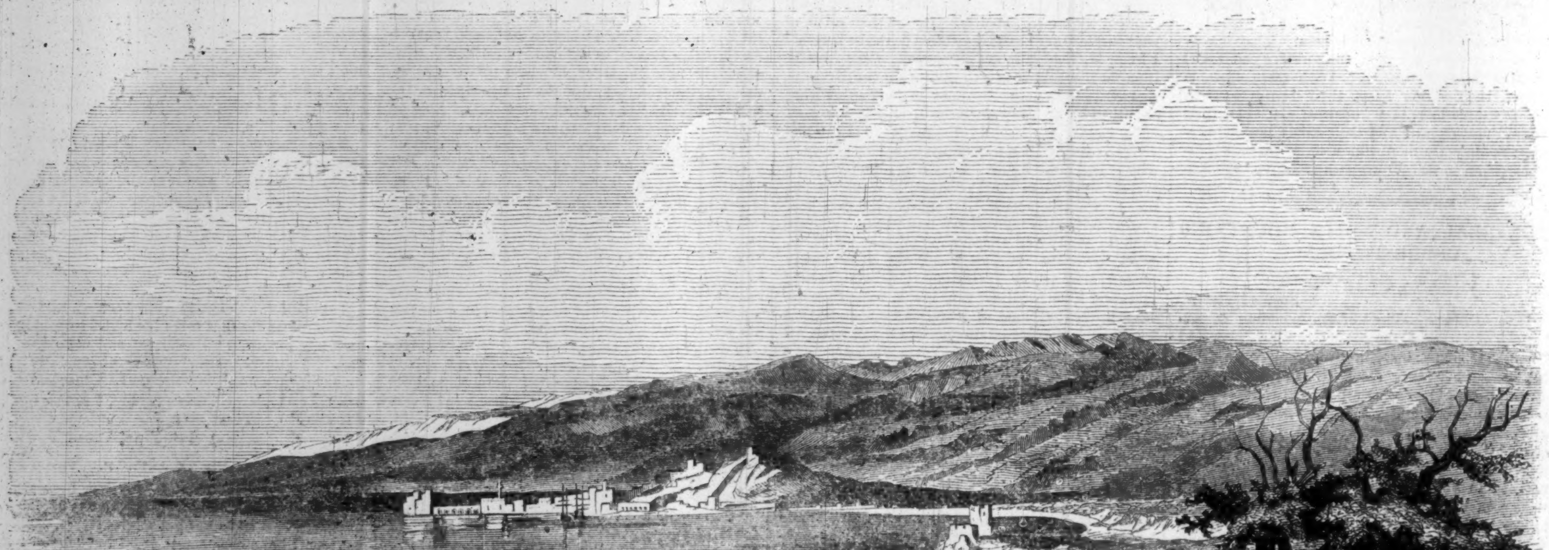
A HARVEST HYMN FOR 1857.

O Father, merciful and good!
O Giver ever kind,
Who feedest us with daily food
For body, soul, and mind!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
We praise Thee evermore;
And heartily confess Thee
The God whom we adore!

How thick with corn between the hills
The laughing valleys stand!
How plenteously Thy mercy fills
The garners of our land!
And therefore will we raise Thee
Our humble anthem thus,
And, sinful children, praise Thee
For all Thy love to us!

As year by year, in ceaseless love,
Thy bounty never fails,
But still the blessing from above
O'erflows our hills and dales,
So, truly we adore Thee,
Thou Giver of all good,
And offer now before Thee
Thy people's gratitude!

Martin F. Tupper.



SIDON.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

MORNING FULL-DRESS.

AFTERNOON NÉGLIGÉ.

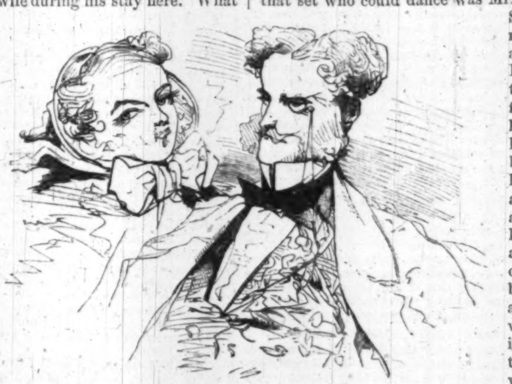
EVENING UNDRESS.

—— SEA-SIDE,* *August*, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mamma and I have been reading your correspondent's letter from Saratoga; mamma considers it very clever, but there are parts in it that I don't understand. Though I don't pretend to be able to write (I composed an essay on the life and services of Madame Chapone last year at our school, and got the prize for it), I am going to put down a few ideas which you may print in your *Weekly* if you like, together with the sketches I inclose.

This place, you must know, is very dull this season—why, I hardly know, unless it be that the principal hotel-keeper gives us nothing to eat but tough steaks and cold fish—which is a tiresome diet even for people in the country. There are a good many people at —— hotel, and fewer at the ——, where we are staying; but the former are not in society, and of course we don't know them. I go down of an evening with cousin Charles to the beach, to meet my old school-friend Maria, whom I love dearly—mamma won't let me associate with her openly, as her father is a low man—a butcher, I believe. Maria's a sweet girl for all that; and you can't do better, Mr. Editor, if you happen to want a wife.

We have had a terrible excitement here lately, but I can't quite understand the reason why. It seems that a gentleman from some foreign country had a strange fancy for walking on the spout under the eaves of the hotel. He was walking there one evening when a gentleman from New York rushed furiously at him and tried to push him off. One story says that the New York gentleman wanted to shoot him, but that his wife (the New Yorker's), whose window, oddly enough, was open, just opposite to where the foreigner was walking, implored her husband not to commit murder. I myself saw the New Yorker going about to-day with a pair of boots in his hand and showing them to people; and my friend, Mrs. Picker, says that the foreigner was promenading on the spout without his things on. Can you believe it? The New Yorker, I hear, had arrived that night from the city by the late train; very possibly he had taken too much wine at dinner, and didn't know what he was doing. For my part, I think he behaved shamefully; the foreign gentleman, who now wears a patch over his eye, is very good-looking, and has been so kind to the New Yorker's wife during his stay here. What harm could he do, I should like to be informed, by walking on the spout?


ON THE VERANDA.

We lead very delightful lives here. Though we get up early, we ladies are not allowed to go out before nine in the morning, as the gentlemen bathe before that hour. At nine or ten we take a stroll into the woods, and my cousin Charley (who is certainly the handsomest man here) reads us either Tennyson or Prime's Travels in the East, which we like exceedingly. He says, by-the-way, that he knows Mr. Prime, and that he is an old gray-headed, broken-down man, quite worn out by his travels and sufferings, and looks something like Shakspeare: is this so? I had fancied him young and good-looking.

About eleven, or later, according to the tide, we bathe. I send you a sketch of our full-dress costume for the water. The other day a rude boy from New York contrived to creep in among us in a dress like ours, and bathed with us some time before we detected him; but when we found him out, Mary B—— and I caught him, and (we are both very strong and good at gymnastics, I can tell you) we soused him so thoroughly that he was nearly drowned, and Jenny L—— found his clothes behind a stone and threw them into the water, so that he was obliged to walk to the hotel in a lady's bathing-dress. I believe his business required his immediate return to the city.

In the afternoon we walk or ride. There is a pert minx from Boston here, who gives herself great airs, and coquets with Charley in a manner that is positively disgusting (I mention it here in order that she may see what people think of her conduct); she looked at me the other day through an eye-glass—as though I could not be discerned with the naked eye—and drawled out,

"Have they got the Lancers yet in Gotham?"

"Oh yes," said I, wickedly; "but they haven't as many old soldiers as they have in Boston."

I thought this would have settled her; but she retorted with an insolent smile

"No, the New Yorkers never excelled in the military way, I believe."

And she walked away, actually leading Charles with her, under pretense of showing him some pictures in her album. I don't wonder that Boston is a slow place.

In the evening we have delightful hops. At first we made a rule not to dance with any one out of our set; but one day last week the only man in that set who could dance was Mr. R——, of Wall Street, who is immensely fat, and after Mary and Emmy and I had taken three or four turns with him the poor fellow was a pitiable spectacle, and his shirt, as well as his coat, looked as though they had been having a bathe. But he crept out of the ball-room at last, and they say he was found sitting in the refrigerator. After this we take pot-luck as to partners. I danced last night with a German, who told me, the wretch, that he had "von wife at home, but that didn't matter." And it is currently reported that Carry C——, after polking with a Southerner whom she had never seen before, was taken out into the passage to breathe the fresh air and actually kissed. But I can not believe such shocking stories. People are such gossips. There is an Irishman here whom nobody knows, yet who knows every body, who gets many girls to dance with him, and who really waltzes delightfully, and they say he was a waiter at a hotel in California. Mrs. Picker declares that the rich Philadelphia widow, Mrs. M——, is smitten with him, and that he spends the whole morning in her room singing to her the "Widow Malone," and similar airs.

What we want here is young, unmarried men. Be so good, Mr. Editor, as to mention the fact, and request your friends to come without delay. There are three girls worth $50,000 a piece, two worth $70,000, and others worth smaller sums; not to speak of the loveliest faces and charmingest figures in the world—all dying for partners. I don't speak of myself; but I confess I should like to revenge myself on that Boston stuck-up thing. And I won't say what encouragement I might not give to a good-looking, gentlemanly fellow.

But here comes the Rev. Amos B——, whom papa calls the "political parson," and who always lectures me on the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and the sin of wearing hoops, and rings, and lace on the bottom of my skirts; so I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Yours, *de cœur*,

AMELIA ——.

* Our fair correspondent will appreciate the motive which induces us to suppress the name of the watering-place from which she writes.—ED.

THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.

LITERARY.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS: Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry, *by Mrs. Jameson*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The delicate beauty of the blue-and-gold miniature edition of Ticknor and Fields is a fitting style in which to read Mrs. Jameson's very graceful works. More fitting, indeed, than the heavy tomes—thick paper and large type, with broad margins—in which we are sometimes condemned to read her. It is not so much that she suggests any thing new, as that she is a pleasant reminder of our own old thoughts, and hence the authoritative character of a large book is by no means so pleasant as the companionable appearance of these little pocket books.

Reading her notes on "Laura" reminds us of a day in Avignon, when the mistral was blowing fiercely, and we drove up and down the old city of the Popes, looking for the grave of her of whom

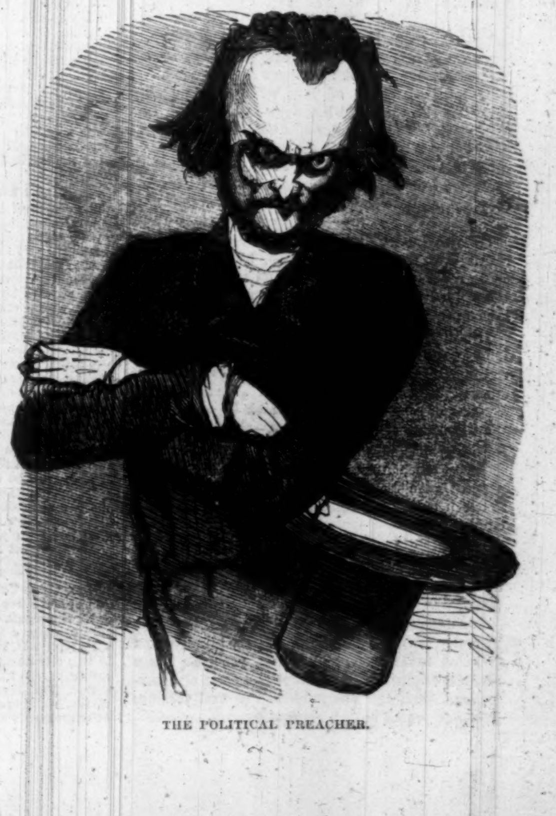
> L'angelica sembianza umile e piana—
> L'atto mansuetta, umile e tardo—

and "the light of her angel smile" were the soul of Petrarch, and when, with all our diligence, we could hardly find it. In Avignon, the city of the Provençal, there was no inn-keeper nor cab-driver that had heard of the grave of "Laura!"

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS. Readings from the best Divines, with Notices, Biographical and Critical, *by James Hamilton, D.D.* London: James Nisbet & Co.

Dr. Hamilton has, in this book, done a service to the literary as well as the religious world. Accustomed, in his early years as well as in his later life, to read old books and pore over musty pages, he has learned to love the quaint old men who thought grandly, talked grandly, and wrote grandly, so that no person could be better fitted to edit a collection like this now before us.

He commences with Caedmon, the cow-herd, whose story is familiar to many of our readers.


THE POLITICAL PREACHER.

He was servant to a monastery, in the year 680, at Whitby, in England; poor, illiterate, and having, in fact, a special dislike to reading and to music. But one evening, driven by the hated music of a harp from the hall to the cow-shed, he slept, and dreamed that he wrote a great poem. Waking, he repeated some of it to the monks, and they invited him thereafter to become one of them, and he passed his life in rendering the Bible and other sacred books into verse. "This metrical Bible," says our author, "and these hymns soon floated off, in larger or smaller fragments, throughout the Heptarchy, and thus our Northumbrian cow-herd may be deemed not only the precursor of Watts and Charles Wesley, but, as the first who sang scriptural themes in a European vernacular, he leads the van in that great procession which brings up the names of Dante, Milton, Klopstock, Bilderdijk, and Schiller."

A specimen of this early poetry is not uninteresting:

> Se this world gescop
> Godes gaest-sunu
> And us giefe sealde
> Uppe mid englum
> Ece stathelas.

Literally translated:

> He this world created
> God's Ghost-son
> And to us gifts sealed
> Up with angels'
> Everlasting abodes.

The influence of Caedmon on English literature was immense. Bede was a diligent student of his verses, and was the first who attempted the translation of the Bible into English prose. We can not pass this page in Dr. Hamilton's book without repeating, at the risk of telling again an often-told story, the touching circumstances attending the death of the venerable historian of the Church.

A youth who was at work on the translation of the Gospel of John, announced that all was done except the last sentence. "Then write it quickly," replied the dying man. In a moment the youth said, "And now it is finished." "Yes," said his master, "you say truly, 'It is finished.' Take my head in your hands, and let me kneel toward that place where I used to pray." And thus supported, he knelt on the floor of his chamber, and repeating, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," with these words his spirit departed.

In speaking of Wycliffe, first of English reformers, the author gives an extract from his Bible as a specimen of the language of that day, which gave birth also to Chaucer. We quote but a few lines:

> Biholde ye the foulis of the eir, for thei sowen not, nether repen, nether gaderen in to bernes, and your Fadir of heune fedith hem. Wher ye ben not more worthi thanne thei? but who of you thenking mai putte to hys stature o cubit? and of clothinge what ben ye bisie?

We have not space to extract from this book, as we well might, pages of most interesting matter. The editor has, with rare skill and good taste, followed the line of "martyrs and confessors" down to later periods, when the fires of persecution were quenched and all men in England worshiped as they would. We will not close the book, however, without taking the opportunity to give our readers the original version of the *Old Hundredth Psalm*, by Hopkins, which we find here set forth:

> All people that on earth do dwell
> Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
> Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
> Come ye before him and rejoice.
> The Lord ye know is God indeed,
> Without our aid He did us make;
> We are his flock, He doth us feed,
> And for His sheep He doth us take.
>
> Oh enter then His gates with praise,
> Approach with joy His courts unto;
> Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
> For it is seemly so to do.
> For why? The Lord our God is good,
> His mercy is forever sure;
> His truth at all times firmly stood,
> And shall from age to age endure.

Would that no word of it had been changed by the meddling fingers of brainless hymn and psalm tinkers, of whom there are too many. We commend Dr. Hamilton's book as a rare and delightful collection for the religious and the thoughtful reader. It will probably be republished in this country.

CHIT-CHAT; OR, HUMOR, WIT, AND ANECDOTE, with fifty original illustrations, *edited by Pierce Pungent*. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

Four hundred pages of fun, whereat one may shake his sides in these hot days just so much as he pleases. To the reader of a book like this, the question "Where do all the pins go?" becomes much less unanswerable than "Where does all the fun come from?" Who makes the jokes? for made they are, and the supply is inexhaustible.

Charles Lucien Bonaparte, whose death is announced at the age of fifty-two, had achieved a noble reputation as a literary and scientific man. He resided some time in this country, and edited the continuation of Wilson's "Ornithology."

Mr. Mayhew, whose works on London Labor and London Poor are so well known, has commenced turning to account the knowledge he has picked up among the lower classes of people. He announces a series of *conversaziones*, in which he appears in the characters of various persons—thieves, old clo' men, peddlers, and others.

Two French Academicians being dead, there is a great rush for the vacant chairs. There are fourteen prominent candidates to sit in the now empty seats.

The original manuscript of Scott's *Peveril of the Peak* was sold at auction in London, a few days ago, for £50. This is the third time it has been disposed of at public sale.

Lieutenant James Holman, known as the Blind Traveler, is dead. Although entirely blind, he has traveled twice around the globe, penetrated into Siberia, explored all of Europe and parts of America and Asia, and has published several volumes of travel, which have had great success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE ELECTION IN KANSAS.

Governor Walker, of Kansas, in official dispatches recently received, says that on one point he has been grossly misrepresented, namely, as desiring that every man should vote who happened to be in the Territory on the day of the election for the ratification of the constitution. This, he remarks, would be desirable if there were conclusive "evidence that all such persons were actual *bona fide* settlers;" but the only sufficient and usual proof of such a fact would be some previous residence. On this point, which is one of detail, he had never proposed to make suggestions to the Convention, although when asked his opinion by members of that body, he had indicated a previous residence of three or six months, and that the same qualification should be adopted in the constitution in regard not only to that, but to all future elections; and in his judgment one or the other of these terms will be adopted by the Convention, from which he anticipates cordial co-operation. "It is somewhat extraordinary," he adds, "that while this accusation of letting every man vote who may happen to be in the Territory on the day of the election has been preferred in the South, as indicating a desire on my part to let in abolition vagrants and interlopers to control the result, the Republicans of Kansas have drawn an entirely different conclusion, namely, that I designed in this manner to bring many thousand Missourians into the Territory to decide the contest."

THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE CHINA SEAS.

There has been some talk of a seizure of the island of Formosa by the United States navy; the facts appear to be as follows: "About two years since an American merchant named Robinet, residing at Formosa, had a vessel seized by the Chinese authorities, and the same act was subsequently repeated, although he had permission from the Chinese officials to keep the American flag flying over the establishment. This being reported to Commodore Armstrong, he dispatched Captain Simms with directions that he should remain there and keep the American colors flying until further orders. This occurrence was not thought by the Navy Department to be a matter of consequence, nor can it be construed as an adoption by this government of a system of reprisals or a departure from the neutrality we have endeavored to maintain in the Chinese seas."

THE DISPUTE WITH THE BRITISH AT SINGAPORE.

Among dispatches just received by the Government is the correspondence between one of our Naval Officers and the Governor of Singapore relative to his ordering our flag to be hauled down by a British officer from the Dutch bark *Henrietta Maria*, which had been abandoned by her officers and most of her crew and taken possession of by the master of an American ship. Governor Blundell earnestly disclaims any want of disrespect to the American flag or to the rights of American citizens in the steps he felt it to be his duty to take; but the matter does not here terminate. The bark was delivered to the Government of the Netherlands in India, on the ground that the vessel being Dutch, the Chinese Coolies found on board of her, if innocent of mutiny, had a claim on the owners, and if guilty, were punishable only by the Dutch Criminal Court.

THE NEGOTIATION WITH NEW GRANADA.

The Pacific Railway Company are intervening actively in the negotiation between our Government and that of New Granada in reference to the pending dispute. By the charter the Granadian Government have the right to buy up the railway across the Isthmus, which it is said they propose to do, when it must fall into the hands of some foreign government or capitalists. To prevent this event the Panama Railway Company are urging upon our Government to purchase for them the fee-simple of said railway. They offer to our Government, in consideration of their intervention, to cede to them certain islands in the Bay of Panama belonging to the Railway Company, said to be adapted for a naval dépôt. The matter is understood to rest there for the present.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION IN PRACTICE.

The General Land Office has just decided against the pre-emption claim of a colored man to 360 acres of land in Wisconsin, taking the ground of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, that "A free negro of American race, whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States." This decision of the Land Office applies to all other similar cases now pending.

THE LAST STORY ABOUT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Interior Department has received intelligence from reliable gentlemen and fugitive Mormons that Brigham Young is preparing to resist General Harney; that he has relapsed into the grossest infidelity and atheism; and that he continues to hold up the government of the United States to the supreme contempt of the Mormons.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

On request of Mr. Dallas, who was moved thereto by Monsieur de Persigny, French Minister at London, Captain Hudson has granted permission to Monsieur Delamarche, hydrographic engineer of the French navy, to accompany the telegraphic expedition on its voyage from Valentia to Newfoundland.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

It seems that the contest for Governor of Missouri will be so close that nothing but the official returns—which have not yet come to hand—will decide it.

There is little doubt but General Houston has been defeated by Runnels in Texas.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Tennessee has been elected by over ten thousand majority.

The Democratic Convention of Iowa, on 19th, passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to confer with the Republican Convention for the purpose of arranging for the submission of but one Constitution to the people. It is not probable that the members of the two bodies will meet in one Convention, but the great obstacle to the immediate settlement of the difficulties is removed.

The Republican State Convention of Iowa met at Iowa City on the 19th inst. General R. P. Lowe was nominated for Governor, and Oran Faville for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF IOWA.

The people of Iowa have adopted their new constitution, rejecting the clause which entitled colored persons to vote. The principal provisions of the constitution are as follows: "In the matter of State officers, the tenure of office has been limited to two years instead of four; a lieutenant-governorship has been created; three supreme judges are to be elected for six years, one of them at each biennial election; the State is to be divided into eleven judicial districts for the election of circuit judges and district attorneys; the Senate is fixed at fifty and the House at one hundred members (now thirty-five and seventy-three respectively); and biennial sessions are retained. The seat of government is permanently located at Fort des Moines, and the city is to be called Demoines. The State will not be allowed to contract a debt greater than $250,000, and no city or town can do the same thing to a greater extent than five per cent of its valuation. The Legislature can pass a general banking law, and also establish a State bank with branches, but such a law or laws must be approved by a popular vote. A State board of education, to consist of the Lieutenant-Governor and one member from each of the judicial districts, the district member to hold office for four years, is to be established with powers of legislation in all educational matters, subject to the supervision of the Legislature."

PERSONAL.

Hon. Caleb Cushing last week made a valuable donation of some five hundred volumes to the public library of Newburyport.

Ex-Governor Myron H. Clark has associated himself with Hiram D. Faulkner for the purpose of establishing in this city an agency for the payment of taxes on non-resident lands in any part of the United States.

Rev. Wm. Jarvis, a well-known, learned, and wealthy divine, of Connecticut, has recently failed, in consequence of unsuccessful speculations.

Rev. Nicholas Hoppin, of Christ Church, Cambridge, has had leave of absence for three months, and sailed for England in the steamer *Circassian*, which left Portland on Saturday.

Mr. Brown, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, said in one of his speeches that Mr. Buchanan had married the South. Mr. Hill, the opposing candidate, retorted by saying he had made a bad husband, as he had, in less than four months, *whipped his wife*.

We are glad to see that Dr. Theodore S. Bell, of Louisville, Kentucky, who is well known to the country as an eminent practitioner, a scholar of profound and varied attainments, and a writer of great versatility and power, has been elected Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at the University of Louisville. The institution is being renovated throughout; a new building erected to take the place of the one burned last winter; and other valuable changes are being made. Not the least sagacious of the improvements is the acquisition of so eminent a man as Dr. Bell.

Professor Silliman of Yale College, was robbed of some $100 while promenading the Hall at the recent *Conversazione* given by the Natural History Society in Montreal.

Professor Peirce before the Montreal Scientific Convention, alluding to the recent book of Dr. Winslow, said: "In reference to the charge with which certain newspapers have recently been laden, of my having appropriated the labors of another person, I must be permitted to state that there is no allusion to the facts which I have brought before the Association, either in his published book or in his memoir, which has also been printed at full length, and which every one may read and judge of for himself, and which no one can now steal. With regard to his speculations, they are so opposed to my own that if he is right I am altogether wrong, and if I am right he is wrong; and I have no desire to claim his wild conglomeration of vagaries, which seem to me worthy only of the institution to which he would have consigned one of the most venerated and beloved of our members."

Hon. Elisha Allen, formerly Whig member of Congress from Maine, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Sandwich Islands by the King, succeeding Mr. Lee, lately deceased. Mr. Allen is a native of Massachusetts, but has lived for some years in the Sandwich Islands, and held important posts in its government, the last being that of Minister of Finance.

Mr. Beverly Robinson, Sen., a member of the New York bar, and an old and most exemplary citizen, died at his residence, New Brighton, Staten Island, on Friday 14th, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. R., though a grandson of Colonel Beverly Robinson, of the British Army in the American Revolution, was a native of this city, born in 1778. He was removed, with his father's family, after the peace of 1783, to the province of New Brunswick, where his younger brother, the late Morris Robinson, was born. The two brothers in after life returned to New York, where the subject of the present notice settled himself as an attorney and conveyancer, and married the daughter of Colonel William Duer (and grand-daughter of Lord Stirling, one of General Washington's aids), who survives him, with two sons and two daughters. Mr. Robinson was highly and warmly esteemed by his acquaintances and neighbors, as well for varied intelligence and sterling worth as for his kind and unobtrusive manners.

Hon. Wm. H. Sneed, ex-member of Congress and the defeated Know Nothing candidate in the Second District of Tennessee at the recent election, says in a card that he did not vote to invite the Hon. Edward Everett to Knoxville during the sitting of the Southern Convention, to deliver his lecture on Washington. He says it is due to himself, to his high sense of honor, and to the public, to state that he was not present when the complimentary resolution which passed unanimously was offered, and that he would have opposed it had he been present. He says he understands Mr. Everett to have publicly and voluntarily indorsed and lauded the course of Senator Sumner, and especially the speech which disgraced the American Senate, and which brought down upon him the merited chastisement by Brooks.

Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, the Apostle of Dress Reform, who lectured some time since in New York, is building a curiosity of architecture in the shape of a "mud house" at Middletown, New York, which is designed to solve the problem, how every man can be his own landlord. The house, which is pleasantly located on a hill near the village, is octagonal, and resembles a brown stone at a little distance, and is certainly an improvement on the square, formal-looking, red or yellow houses so much the fashion in country towns. The materials are stone and rough mortar—cheap enough, certainly.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, the well-known originator of the Bloomer costume, has taken up her abode at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mrs. Swisshelm, formerly editor of the Pittsburg *Saturday Visitor*, is now residing at St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Mr. George Peabody sailed in the *Persia*, for England. Mr. Peabody has been in the country nearly a year, and during that time has visited twenty-six States of the Union, and has contributed half a million of dollars to various literary and charitable institutions. It is understood to be Mr. Peabody's intention to retire from business in about three years hence, when he will return to his native country and permanently reside here.

Mrs. Cunningham, under the careful attention of Dr. Covel, physician of the City Prison, is rapidly recovering from the combined effects of cucumbers and tartar emetic, but is still very feeble and seems to be greatly troubled in her mind. Mrs. Cunningham does not look as well as when she was there before, and this last affair has given her a care-worn look. For special reasons of the District-Attorney, no one, unless by special permission, is allowed access to her cell, or to the cell where Dr. Catlin is confined. Mrs. Cunningham says she is sure of being acquitted on the charge of fraudulently producing an heir, and that her character will show forth "white as drifted snow." She repudiates the rumor that Dr. Catlin personated Burdell at the wedding. In regard to her children, she says that they will be well provided for, no matter what may happen to her. She remains most of the time in her cell, occasionally taking her chair and sitting in the corridor.

Private advices from Texas name Colonel Reilly as likely to succeed General Houston in the Senate, and ex-Governor Henderson as General Rusk's probable successor.

A correspondent at Newport says: "We have numerous notables, several live lords, sundry counts, and lots of no ac-counts. Madame Lagrange graces the parlor of the Ocean House, and Signor Brignoli, the gent. who does *Manrico* in tin stockings in 'Trovatore,' drives a pair of 'bays' in a streaked wagon on Bellevue Avenue daily."

Hon. Edward L. Keyes, formerly State Senator of Norfolk county, Massachusetts, who was lately committed to the East Cambridge House of Correction for a disturbance of the peace of Newton, is without doubt insane, and will in a few days be committed to the asylum at Taunton.

Ex-President Van Buren attended the lecture of Edward Everett, at Newport, on the 17th inst.

It is reported that Donald M'Kay, the eminent shipbuilder of East Boston, has commenced a suit against his brother, Captain L. M'Kay, for slander—fixing the damages at $20,000.

John Haverty has been commissioned as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, vice Cummings.

Henry F. Wendell has been appointed Navy Agent at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, vice Moses, removed.

Rev. Mr. Meek, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah.

Postmaster-General Brown has had a severe chill and has been unable to attend the Cabinet meetings.

ECCLESIASTICAL HOSPITALITY.

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following story of a well-known clergyman from the city of Boston. Having come to this city a few weeks since, to supply the pulpit of a rusticating brother, he was strolling about town on Saturday afternoon, and in the course of his rambles naturally took a glance at Fifth Avenue. Seeing one of the churches open and the sexton making it ready for the services of the next day, curiosity tempted him to look into it. He was about gratifying that propensity when the sexton called out to him in a gruff voice:

"You can't go in there, Sir!"

"I merely desire to look at the church a moment," replied the clergyman, advancing toward the inner door.

"Stop, Sir!" cried the sexton, in a rage at the visitor's audacity; "we don't allow that, Sir."

The clergyman, surprised at the man's violence, meekly rejoined, "Don't you allow any one to see your church?"

"No, Sir! Those are my orders, Sir—not to admit any body!"

"Oh, very well! if those are your orders," said the clerical gentleman, looking blandly through his spectacles, "of course I will go. But any time when any of your people are in Boston, and desire to look at *my* church, they are always welcome to do so."

The sexton, with most profuse and humble apologies, for having mistaken him for a layman, was now equally anxious to chaperon him through the church as he had before been to drive him away. But the clergyman declined the civility, expressing himself entirely satisfied with what he had already seen.

SPLENDID EXCURSION TRIPS.

A grand scheme has been started by the Grand Trunk Railway Company in England for the issue of Tourist tickets by the *Great Eastern* steamship on her first trip to this continent, and the price of such ticket, embracing, as it is intended to do, the passage-money of the outward and homeward voyage, and all traveling expenses by rail, coach, and steamboat during a five weeks' trip through the chief cities of North America will not cost more than £50 sterling—one and all of the managers who have been consulted on the subject having agreed to take half fares over their several routes. At this early stage of the preliminaries a mere outline of the proposed trips has only been prepared, but even from this we can see at a glance that the arrangements in contemplation will be of such a character as to embrace every thing worthy the attention of the tourists between Portland and Chicago, Washington and Quebec.

We are informed that the route, as at present proposed, will be from Portland to Boston, thence to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, thence westward to Cincinnati and St. Louis, ascending the Mississippi to Alton, and thence by rail to Chicago. From Chicago the tourists will retrace their steps eastward to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, thence to Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec, returning to Portland *via* the Grand Trunk, so that the Alpine scenery of the New Hampshire mountains may also be embraced in this, the most novel, interesting, comprehensive tourist ticket ever offered to the traveling community. It has also been arranged that the holders of these tickets may remain as long as convenient at any point on the route, the only condition being that they must be back in Portland in time for the return voyage of the steamer. Wherever there is more than one route, either by rail or steamer, between two points, these tickets are available for either, so that tourists leaving Chicago for Toronto can take either the Lake steamer's route, *via* Lakes Michigan and Huron, or the railroad route, *via* Detroit and Hamilton, and the same privileges are allowed in all similar cases.

As it has now been definitely determined on that the *Great Eastern* will make six trips to Portland, we hope to be able to state in our next number that arrangements have been completed in England for a similar European trip to that described above. Tourist tickets will, we believe we are authorized in already stating, be issued on this side of the Atlantic for trips to England, Ireland, and Scotland, France, Italy, and the Rhine, extending over a period of three months—the trips in each case only costing half the ordinary fare.

A WARNING TO AMOROUS YOUNG LADIES.

The late Jesse W. Goodrich, of Worcester, whose will is being contested on the ground of insanity, published the following advertisement in a New York paper in 1854:

"The subscriber is a bachelor, a college graduate, a teetotaller from boyhood, a lawyer by profession; was for ten years a temperance editor; uses no tea or coffee, opium, alcohol, profanity, tobacco, leeks nor onions; is industrious, affectionate, philanthropic, sound, domestic, and moral in all his habits; is not a 'church member,' but deems the Bible a priceless boon from Heaven; admires teetotal, moral, devotional, mental, *affectional*, and physical beauty in woman; has vital temperament; size of head, and the groups of social, moral, and intellectual organs each marked '6,' or large, by O. S. Fowler and other phrenologists; weight about 170 pounds; is five feet ten inches tall, well proportioned, healthy, not bad-looking, free from all hereditary and other disease, and 'every inch a man' in all his physical functions and developments; has an estate of about $10,000, and is now (but has not been for the last ten or fifteen years) in a situation to marry; and, as a husband, would love and cherish with passionate fondness some worthy, lovely, and loving woman, as a wife, whose feelings, tastes, sentiments, and habits should happen to be congenial with his own. * * * * * *

"A CONNUBIAL CANDIDATE."

Messrs. Fowler & Wells indorsed the advertiser, and the consequence was that a hundred and twenty-seven unmarried ladies corresponded with Mr. Goodrich, and their letters and daguerreotypes are now matters of amusement to the Worcester people.

CONSEQUENCES OF A COLLAPSED HOOP.

On Wednesday afternoon, Messrs. A. & B., a brace of jolly bachelors, were sitting in their counting-room, on Walnut Street, about a stone's throw from the Exchange, Philadelphia, looking over a bundle of collaterals which had come into their possession through the medium of their business, which happens to be that of "bill-brokers."

While thus engaged, a very beautiful lady, all bathed in blushes, and carrying a set of skirts that "set" like a table-cloth hung upon a thorn-bush, made her appearance at the door. Mr. A. felt sentimental and adjusted his neck-tye, while Mr. B., who is some ten years older, took matters more coolly, and asked the young lady to take a chair. Young lady blushed scarlet, and said that having "met with an accident" she preferred betraying her embarrassment before one or two gentlemen to being a laughing-stock for all Walnut Street. Her hooped skirt had collapsed, and she requested the temporary use of a private room in order to repair damages. Having no "inner temple" worthy the presence of so much beauty, Messrs. A. & B. delicately vacated the apartment, and, while young lady was reuniting the ends of her hoops took up a position upon the door-step.

Five minutes afterward young lady emerged. The damages had all been repaired, and smiling gratefully at the accommodating note-brokers, she sailed on her way like a yearling balloon. So far so good. Just as young lady cleared the door-step, however, an elderly gentleman passed by. Elderly gentleman wore a ruffled shirt, which projected from his bosom like the dorsal fins of a sunfish, and carried a style of double-chin and gold-headed cane that told of corner lots and a fat bank-book. Mr. A. bowed to elderly gentleman, while the latter passed on without vouchsafing a word. As Mr. A. was engaged to be married to elderly gentleman's daughter, Mr. A. smelt a mice, and at once became as melancholy as a sick turkey. In the evening Mr. A. went up to elderly gentleman's house, for the double purpose of smoothing up matters with elderly gentleman, and exchanging palpitations with "his own Maria." Mr. A. reached the house, and jerked bell-pull, his heart fluttering meanwhile like a wounded swallow. Elderly gentleman appeared in person, and told Mr. A. that "no young man who received strange ladies in his business-office should ever become his son-in-law;" saying which, Mr. A. found himself standing solus on the stoop, all chagrin and disappointment, like Tantalus at his well-curb.

Fortunately for Mr. A., a gentleman witnessed the incident about the hoops, who chanced to be well aware of the lady's high respectability. Yesterday afternoon this gentleman accompanied Mr. A. to elderly gentleman's house, and so explained matters that Mr. A. was immediately restored to his former footing in elderly gentleman's family.

Mr. A. is now as happy as a prize pig in a clover-field. He desires us to say, however, that he has done his share toward relieving the embarrassment of ladies with collapsed skirts, and trusts that any future breakdowns in that vicinity may be taken for repairs to some other office.

A DIRK FOURTEEN YEARS IN A MAN'S SKULL.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago a Philadelphian states that he was passing down Baltimore Street, late at night, during a heavy snow-storm, when he met, near Frederick Street, three men and a woman. He gave them the way, but being violently jostled by one of them, he upbraided them somewhat sharply, when they attacked him. Being a powerful man, standing about six feet in his shoes, he soon laid two of them *hors du combat*, and chased the other to the opposite side of the street, where he felled him to the ground, and where, leaning over him, he received a blow in the left temple, which staggered as well as bewildered him for a few minutes. Upon recovering himself his assailants had fled, and feeling the blood flowing pretty freely from the wound, proceeded to a physician, who soon found that he had been stabbed, the instrument entering about half way between the eye and ear, and breaking off short, leaving a considerable length of blade in his head! All efforts to extract it proved futile.

Strange to say, he felt very little pain or inconvenience from his condition. The wound soon healed, and he attended to his regular avocations as if nothing had happened. Three years after, the wound again opening, he consulted a surgeon, who, feeling the ragged edge of the blade, made several efforts to draw it out, and, after considerable labor, drew from the wound a portion of the base of the broken dirk, which measured within a fraction of two inches in length! This part of it gave an idea of the amount remaining, which was supposed to be a piece of about the same size taken away. For eleven years longer did it continue in this condition, when, about two weeks since, after suffering a great degree of pain on the right side of his nose, near the corner of his eye, on the opposite side to where he received the wound, and a considerable swelling appearing, he went to Professor Smith, who, upon examining the diseased part, found the point of the blade protruding! It had actually traversed through the bones of the head, and, after fourteen years, made its appearance in the above locality. Such is its position, plain to the eye, and wonderful to be believed, excepting by an eye-witness. Dr. Smith, we understand, proposes, in a short time, to operate for its expulsion. We have often heard of pins and needles being swallowed, and, in after years, making their appearance in different parts of the body, but that the blade of a dirk, between three and four inches in length, should thus travel, and through bone at that, forms an interesting subject for the surgeon as well as for the common mind.

MARRIAGE OF DEAF MUTES.

In the city of Lexington, on the evening of August 5, was witnessed such a wedding-party and such a marriage-ceremony, as, perhaps, never occurred in the United States, certainly not in the State of Kentucky. Mr. John Blount, the bridegroom, is a deaf mute, who was brought up in Alabama, but received his education at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Danville, where he is at present an accomplished and highly esteemed instructor. He is a tall and fine-looking specimen of a man, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Miss Lucretia Ann Hoagland, the bride, is also a deaf mute. She was educated in the institution at Danville, and would pass for a beautiful and accomplished lady in any circle of society. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoagland, the parents of the bride, at whose house the marriage took place, are both of them deaf mutes. They received their education some twenty-five or thirty years since at the same institution. They have three other children—two of whom hear and talk; their youngest, a little boy of nine years old, is, like the bride, a mute, and expects before long to go to the same institution, to obtain that inestimable blessing—a good education—which his father, mother, and sister have received before him.

There was also present, as invited guests, some twelve or fifteen educated mutes, all of them present or former pupils of the above-named institution.

The attendant of the bride, Miss Mary Boyd, from Harrison County, was as modest, beautiful, and elegantly dressed a lady as adorns any drawing-room. She was formerly a classmate of the bride. Other young ladies who were mutes were present, who attracted marked attention by their personal charms as well by their superior intelligence. Young gentlemen, also, were not wanting, of fine appearance, education, and manners, to lend interest to the occasion. In addition to the mutes many were present, who from intercourse with the family of the bride, or in some other way, had become familiar with the sign language, so that the conversation of the evening was held chiefly in the beautiful pantomime of the deaf and dumb.

But that which perhaps gave the most peculiar interest to the occasion was the fact that the marriage-ceremony was celebrated in the sign language of the deaf and dumb. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. S. B. Cheek, Vice-Principal of our State Institution at Danville. Not a word was heard during the whole ceremony—the prayer, the propounding of the marriage covenant, the benediction, and the blessing at the wedding-feast, were all performed in the graceful and eloquent, though voiceless, language of gesture, which may be termed the vernacular of the deaf and dumb. The mutes who were present all testified their peculiar delight, saying that they had often witnessed marriages before, but had never understood what was actually said and done until this occasion. It was, taken altogether, emphatically a mute festival, in which all parties present were delighted, and which furnished a most striking exemplification of what has been done and can be done for the unfortunate mute.

SUBMARINE CIVILIZATION.

We take from Professor Agassiz's late report on fishes the following description of an American fish:

"I have had ample opportunity to watch the *Pamotis*, in the breeding season every spring, for the last eight years. At that time it approaches in pairs the shores of the ponds in which it lives, and selects shallows, gravelly places, overgrown with *Potamogeton*, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, in which it begins by clearing a space of about a foot in diameter, rooting out the plants, removing with violent jerks of its tail the larger pebbles, and leaving a clean spot of fine sand, in which it deposits its eggs, surrounded and overshadowed by a grove of verdure. In this inclosure one of the parents remains hovering over its brood and keeping at a distance all intruders.

"The office of watching over the progeny does not devolve exclusively upon either of the sexes, but the males and females watch alternately. The fierceness with which they dart at their enemies, and the anxiety with which they look out for every approaching danger, show that they are endowed with stronger instincts than have been known heretofore in any of their class. Their foresight goes so far as to avoid the bait attached to any hook, however near it may be brought to them, and however lively and tempting it may be. However near to one another, the pair of one nest do not interfere with those of another; but, like good neighbors, they live peaceably together, passing over each other's domains when going out for food without making any disturbance. But whenever an unmated, single fish makes its appearance among the nests, he is chased away like an intruding libertine and vagabond. The development of the egg is very rapid. In less than a week the young are hatched, and the parents soon cease to take any farther care of them."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE TRANSATLANTIC CABLE.

OWING to an accident on shore, connected with the landing of the cable, the telegraph expedition did not finally sail from Valentia, Ireland, until the evening of Friday, the 7th instant. A report from Valentia, dated August 10, four o'clock P.M., runs as follows: "The work of laying down the Atlantic cable is going on as satisfactorily as the best friends of the enterprise could desire. Up to the present time about 300 miles of the cable have been laid. The depth of the water into which it is now being submerged is nearly two miles. The laying of the cable from the shallow to the deep water was effected without difficulty.

"The signals from on board the steamer *Niagara* are every thing that an electrician could desire. The steamers are heading West with a moderately fair breeze, and the cable is being run out from on board the *Niagara* at the rate of about five miles per hour, and messages are being constantly received on shore. The following is the latest flash from on board the *Niagara*:

"'*All well on board. Moderate westerly wind. All more and more trustful of complete success.*'"

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, Lord Campbell has presented a petition from the Queen and Princes of Oude, residing in England, expressing great regret at the revolt in India, and the suspicion attached to their relative the ex-King. The petitioners stated that they had received assurances from the King that he was entirely innocent of all complicity in the outbreak, and they prayed that the charges against him might be made known so that he might establish his innocence. Objections were raised to the reception of the petition on merely technical grounds, and it was withdrawn.

The bill authorizing the employment of the militia was read a second time, after a brief debate, in the course of which Lord Panmure and the Duke of Cambridge stated that efforts should be made to induce the requisite number of militiamen to volunteer for the regular army.

Lord John Russell has reported, from the Parliamentary Select Committee, that the Jews can not be admitted as members of Parliament, under the existing Act for the modification of oaths.

Lord Palmerston has explained to the House of Commons the difficulties with France, with regard to the Moldavian elections, and stated that it had been decided, in conference at Osborne, to recommend the Sultan to annul the late election. Lord Palmerston also stated that there had been difficulties between the English and French Governments relative to the Principalities—not as to their union, but simply as to the regularity of the elections. There was good reason to believe that Austria would concur with the decision arrived at between the French and English Governments, and that the Sultan, seeing that there was nothing in the measures recommended that would compromise his dignity or independence, would adopt their views and declare the elections void. He added that there was no ground to apprehend any estrangement between France and England on account of the Moldavian difficulties.

A spirited debate has taken place in Parliament in regard to affairs in India. Lord Palmerston stated that thirty thousand troops had been sent out, and that active recruiting was going on. Mr. Disraeli expressed the opinion that the campaign for this year was lost.

VISIT OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

On 8th August, at a much earlier hour than was generally anticipated by the public at large, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived at Osborne. The visit was a strictly private one, and such precautions had been taken to insure its being kept so, that literally nothing whatever was known of the intended movements of the Imperial visitors, and but for the royal saluting very few would have known that they had come at all.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 8th all over the house front, rich terrace gardens, and sloping woods of Osborne not a soul was visible. Soon afterward, however, the signal-tower was occupied, and a telescope kept continually pointed toward the fleet at Spithead, which again was in communication with the *Alban* steamer, posted far out to sea. At seven o'clock the *Reine Hortense* was signaled as in sight, yet it made but slow progress, for it was a quarter past eight o'clock before she had arrived within saluting distance of the squadron.

A few minutes before the salute was fired the Prince Consort, in plain walking dress, accompanied by Prince Alfred, in the Highland costume, came down to the landing-place. After a short time Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses, also drove down and joined his Highness on the beach.

As the *Reine Hortense* dropped slowly down at half speed the Imperial visitors could be distinctly seen standing on the quarter-deck, which was decorated with exquisite taste, and covered with small conical parterres of clustering flowers, so as to make it resemble a small summer garden rather than the deck of a steamer. The Empress was attired in the plainest description of traveling dress, and leaned upon the arm of His Majesty, who also wore a simple walking costume without order or decoration of any kind. Standing with their Majesties were the Count and Countess Walewski, the Princess Essling, and General the Baron Roland, Chief of the Staff. When the yacht had approached within about a mile of Osborne, Prince Albert and Prince Alfred entered the Royal barge, went on board the *Reine Hortense*, and warmly welcomed the Imperial guests. After a delay of a few moments the Prince Consort conducted the Empress down into the Royal barge, in which the Emperor also took his seat. The Emperor was the first to disembark, and the most cordial greetings apparently passed between him and Her Majesty, and also between Her Majesty and the Empress. The latter gave a most affectionate reception to the Princess Royal. Almost immediately after landing, the Empress and Her Majesty, and the Emperor and Prince Albert, entered the pony carriage, and drove at once to the house.

The visit being a strictly private one, the Emperor staid but a short while, and returned safely to France.

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Among the presentations to her Majesty at one of the drawing-rooms this season was a young lady upon her marriage, and about whose nuptials a story is current of more than usual interest in these unromantic times. She is the daughter of a baronet holding a distinguished position. Among the suitors of this young lady, who is as pretty as accomplished, was one of very advanced years; but it was in vain that all the allurements consequent upon the possession of riches were set forth. The fair maiden showed herself completely indifferent to the golden prize that lay at her feet, and, in spite of the strong recommendation of "papa," it was unhesitatingly rejected. So far, therefore, every thing was perfectly natural and very unromantic. But it seems that the gentleman, after his proposals had been declined (of course with the usual protestations of respect and esteem), again sought an interview, and assured the lady that his attachment was not selfish—that he was ready, at any sacrifice, to do any thing that could contribute to her happiness; and that, if her affections were fixed on any one whose wealth might not be adequate to his good fortune, he was ready, by a settlement even to the extent of £100,000, to place her happiness in her own power. Such a proof of disinterested attachment was perfectly undeniable, and it is said the young lady pondered so much over it that, like the recital of Othello's dangers, it wrought a complete revulsion of feeling. We do not pretend to know on what kind of "hint" the venerable gentleman spoke again, but speak again he did, and with so much effect that the happy day was soon named, and the nuptials in due course solemnized, and the fair bride presented on her marriage to the Queen. The world gives, with its usual generosity, an almost fabulous amount to Mr. ——'s fortune, but it is very well known that one item in it is £150,000 railway stock, more than half of which is paying six per cent.

HOW PEOPLE MARRY IN ENGLAND.

The Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General shows that the marriage rate was slightly above the average in the first three months of the year; the birth rate was above and the death rate was below the average during the quarter that ended on June 30th last. Upon the evidence of their births, deaths, and marriages, the 19,300,000 people of England and Wales have hitherto been prosperous and healthy during the present year. The marriages in the winter quarter (January, February, and March), are always less numerous than in any other quarter of the year; but 66,762 persons married in that quarter of the present year, and marriages went on at the rate of 1410 persons married to 100,000 living. The annual average rate of the corresponding quarter is 1400. The marriages increased in the manufacturing districts, in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, in Essex and Norfolk, in Cornwall, in Worcestershire, in Warwickshire (and notably in Birmingham), in Lincolnshire, in Nottinghamshire, in Cheshire, and Lancashire (particularly in Manchester). The marriages in Cumberland rose suddenly from 198 to 3-3; and in the whole of the four northern counties from 1738 and 1871 in the winter quarters of 1855-56 to 1989 in the winter quarter of 1857. Probably some of the swains who formerly indulged in the license of a trip to Gretna Green and the Scotch borders to marry have been induced, by the difficulties which the new law interposes, to marry in England. The great majority of the Scotch marriages are now registered, and we may hope that the Scotch law reformers will ere long free Great Britain from the last stains of their defective marriage law, which, drawing no distinct line between clandestine concubinage and marriage, tends to expose the young women of Scotland to cruel temptations and errors. As the births were 170,313, and the deaths 100,205, the natural increase of the population of England and Wales was 70,108 in 91 days.

ARISTOCRATIC SNOBBERY.

At the last annual general meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket, the stewards read a letter from the Earl of Derby, beginning with the words: "My Lords, it has become a subject of general observation and regret that the number of men of station and fortune who support the Turf is gradually diminishing, and that an increasing proportion of horses in training are in the hands of persons in an inferior position, who keep them, not for the purpose of sport, but as mere instruments of gambling." The fact referred to by his Lordship can certainly not be denied; the Palmers, Cooks, and Atkinses are by no means rare apparitions on the Turf, and the national institution whose first aim was an improvement in the breed of horses, has now become a hell on a grand scale. But gambling on the race-course is by no means limited to "persons of inferior position," as Lord Derby asserts; "men of station and fortune," and even men of rank—those who can put the highest titles in the kingdom before their names—must, as well as simple commoners, plead guilty to the charge of trickery and malpractice. Lord Derby himself was, about three years ago, suspected of unfairness in a matter concerning the Doncaster Stakes; his trainer had a narrow escape for his life, and a very low pugilist had to interfere in his behalf. And it is well known that the heaviest betters on the Turf are the nobility. The gravamen of the injury is the intermixture of persons of low birth and "inferior position."

WHAT A JEW MAY DO.

Lloyds' Weekly thus sums up what a Jew may do in England:

"He may be a magistrate, but he may not be a member.

"He may help in administering the laws of the country, but he may not assist in making them.

"He may be received at court, but he may not be admitted into Parliament.

"He may serve on a jury, but he may not sit on a Committee.

"He may practice at the bar, but he may not appear, unless summoned as a witness, at the bar of the House of Commons.

"He may vote to return representatives of the Collective Wisdom, but he may not, clever and qualified as he may be, be a representative of that Collective Wisdom himself.

"He may take an oath in any court of law, and his oath is received and respected, but he may not take an oath such as would allow him to sit by the side of Spooner, Bowyer, or Drummond in the old hall of St. Stephen's.

"He may be the lord mayor of the wealthiest city in the world, but he may not take a seat in the House of Commons as the representative of the same place.

"He may lend the Government as many millions as it wants, but he may not, though duly elected, vote, under a penalty of £500, for each vote, on any committee of supply.

"He may be made a peer, but still he may not, in the right and title of that peerage, sit in the same house as Christian lords.

"And, lastly, granting (for the absurdity of the thing) the justice of the cry that the Jew, if admitted, will unchristianize Parliament, such an admission naturally resolves itself into this:

"A Jew may unchristianize the army, the bench, the bar, the mayoralty, the vestry, all our courts of justice, our prisons, our police-offices, our penitentiaries, our hospitals, our charities, our banks, our exchanges, our largest commercial companies; but—so please the coroneted pigs!—he may not, so long as England has reason to thank Heaven that there is a House of Lords, unchristianize the Houses of Legislature!"

FRANCE.

THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The trial of the Italians and others on the charge of conspiring against the life of the Emperor of the French has opened at the Assize Court of Paris. Four of the accused, being out of the French territory, are proceeded against by default, and, in case of continued absence, will be judged by the Court without the jury. The *pièces de conviction* were displayed on a table before the Judges. They consisted of a leather valise seized at the lodgings of Tibaldi, one of the prisoners, five poniards in red leather sheaths, 14 pocket pistols with double barrels, a horse pistol (double barrel), a formidable-looking revolver, two bullet moulds, and two boxes of percussion caps. The pistols were loaded. At a quarter past three the prisoners were brought into Court, namely, Paolo Tibaldi, Grilli *alias* Faro, and Bartolotti. Tibaldi appears to be about thirty years of age. He had a blouse over his clothes, and wore mustaches. So much as could be seen of his dress was black. Grilli looked about two or three years younger; he wore thick mustaches, and was dressed like a working mechanic. Bartolotti has marked Italian features. He wore mustaches and a thick beard, and was also dressed in black. The examination was conducted through an interpreter. After the usual formalities, the *acte d'accusation*, or indictment, together with various letters appended as documentary evidence, was read by the clerk of the court. The concluding passage was to this effect:

"Wherefore, Paolo Tibaldi, Giuseppe Bartolotti, Grilli *alias* Faro, Giuseppe Mazzini, Alexandre Auguste Ledru-Rollin, Gaetano Massarente, and Frederico Campanella, the last four not appearing, are charged with having, in 1857, in virtue of a resolution concerted and decided between them, formed a plot having for object an attempt on the life of the Emperor, the said plot having been followed by an act committed or commenced with a view to prepare its execution, a crime provided for by the 89th article of the Penal Code."

The *interrogatoire* or examination of the accused and witnesses then commenced.

IMPERIAL CIVILITY.

A Paris letter-writer says: "Louis Napoleon has just performed an act toward an American citizen which gives one a better opinion of his heart. You will recollect that some time ago, when it was the fashion in the United States for seekers after a questionable kind of reputation to relate how many times they had seen Louis Napoleon drunk, or in equivocal positions at New York, or how often they had chinked glasses with him, or lent him money (that was sure to be yet owing), Rev. Mr. Stewart, a Chaplain in the United States Navy, published a long letter in which he disproved entirely these reports, and showed from incontestible evidence that the Prince's conduct while in the United States was that of a well-bred gentleman, and such as became a man in his position of life. Mr. Stewart is now in Paris, and a few days ago the Emperor, learning his presence here through a member of the Imperial family to whom Mr. Stewart was known, sent word to him from Plombières that he would be glad to see him. Mr. Stewart accordingly repaired to Plombières, was most affectionately received by his Majesty, warmly thanked for his disinterested defense of his character, and retained in his society during all of one day. Mr. Stewart returned to Paris delighted with his reception, and telling wonders of his Majesty's hospitality and kindness. According to Mr. Stewart's report of his interview, Louis Napoleon still entertains a lively *souvenir* of his visit to the United States.

THE EMPEROR'S FETE.

The Minister of Public Worship has addressed the following circular to the archbishops and bishops on the subject of the fête of the Assumption on the 15th ult.:

"MONSEIGNEUR,—The solemnity of the 15th again brings round the fête of the Emperor. At the commencement of the present century Napoleon I. decided that this day, dedicated to the patroness of France, should recall to the gratitude of believers the remembrance of the re-establishment of public worship and the name of him who had restored its altars. As the heir of these noble inspirations, Napoleon III. would have no other fête-day than this anniversary, consecrated in the heart of the people by religious pomp, secular traditions, and the remembrance of the great benefit which our country owes to the First Consul. I, therefore, Monseigneur, only respond to the pious intentions of his Majesty in requesting you to cause a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving to God, who protects France, to be sung in the churches of your diocese. If I were not so well acquainted with the sentiments which animate you, I should also request you to invite the faithful to join to yours in this solemnity their prayers and their wishes for the preservation of the life of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial. Accept, Monseigneur, the assurance of my high consideration.

ROULAND."

MORE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.

Several eminent archæologists have suspected that a series of vast subterranean galleries communicated between the Palais des Thermes and the Seine. In 1819 a stair-case was discovered in the palace, which had evidently communicated with these galleries. Later it was discovered that the latter formed two stories, one built over the other. Each story contained three parallel passages, supported by walls 4½ feet thick. The passages communicated with each other by means of doors. The works at present going on at the palace have resulted in the discovery of a subterranean gallery in the Rue des Noyers, which is fresh indication in favor of the opinion respecting a communication between the palace and the river.

MADAME RACHEL SELLS HER BED.

Mademoiselle Rachel sold her furniture a few days since in her residence, in the Rue Trudon, at public auction. The sale ran through three days, and embraced an immense catalogue of objects of art, theatrical trappings, presents, household furniture, etc. But this habit of celebrated actresses and ladies of the *demi-monde* selling out their museums of presents and rich playthings gathered upon the battle-field of love, is growing obnoxious by a too frequent repetition; so that the first day Mademoiselle Rachel's house was only filled by the owners of curiosity shops and general speculators in second-hand odds and ends. The second and third days, however, were a little better attended, and most of the articles attained a very fair curiosity price—by which is meant, of course, a price much above the intrinsic value of the article. Her bed, for example, sold for two hundred dollars. Many complaints were made by Rachel's friends in order to excite sympathy for the benefit of this sale; her American trip was spoken of as her Waterloo, and her position was represented as really needy.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS AT SEA.

A person named Cox, of London, having left the harbor of Malta on the 15th in a small pleasure-boat, accompanied by two other persons, they were suddenly assailed by a heavy gale, and driven out to sea. After vain endeavors for some time to get back, they were at length obliged to let the boat drive before the wind. In this frightful position they passed two days, when the boat capsized. The companions of Cox, being worn-out by fatigue and hunger, sank; but the latter, being a good swimmer, got hold of the boat, and clung fast to the keel, where he remained for four days, during which time his hands and feet were attacked by the fish. About noon, on the fourth day, the Austrian vessel, *Novi Pluto*, Captain Berberovich, providentially passing, sent a boat and took Cox on board his vessel, and landed him, some days after, at Marseilles, where he has perfectly recovered.

A FRACTIOUS GODCHILD.

An accident, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, took place a few days ago at Goncelin, Isere. The Marquis and Marquise de Monteynard were acting as godfather and godmother to a large bell intended for the church of that village. In the midst of the ceremony the ropes which supported the bell at a certain height suddenly broke, and the bell fell on the chair next to that on which Madame de Monteynard was sitting. The lady was dragged down, but fortunately received no injury, part of her dress alone being caught by the heavy mass. She was speedily extricated, and had the courage to remain to the termination of the ceremony.

A FEMININE RIOT.

The great heat in the south has led to a feminine riot of a curious character. The town of Fos, on the mouths of the Rhone, suffers greatly in hot weather from intermittent fevers. The women of the place took it into their heads that by mixing fresh water with the salt ponds in the neighborhood they would neutralize the miasma, and accordingly a strong body of them, with a band of music at their head, marched to the flood-gates of the reservoir, which they opened. The constabulary force of the town, which was afoot, thought it prudent to retire before the vastly superior numbers of the ladies. A treaty of peace seems to have been made subsequently, and a local lecturer explained to the female experimental philosophers that pestilential miasma arises not from salt but from fresh water. The heat in Provence has been almost unprecedented. A wind called the *marin blane*, answering to the Arabian simoom and the Italian sirocco, has prevailed, and Réaumur's thermometer has been two degrees higher than in Paris.

INDIA.

ATROCIOUS TREATMENT OF EUROPEAN LADIES.

The accounts we are receiving of the torture of the European ladies by the mutineers are heart-rending. One letter says: "One of these wretches had part of a lady's dress for his kummerbund—he had seized a lady from Delhi, stripped her, violated, and then murdered her in the most cruel manner, first cutting off her breasts. He said he was sorry he had not an opportunity of doing more than he had done. Another lady who had hid herself under a bridge was treated in the same manner, then hacked to pieces, and her mangled remains thrown out on the plain. We found a pair of boots, evidently those of a girl six or seven years of age, with the feet in them. They had been cut off just above the ankle. We hung many other villains and burned the villages as we came along. A man who witnessed the last massacre in Delhi, where he had gone as a spy, gives a horrid account of it, stating that little children were thrown up in the air and caught on the points of bayonets, or cut at as they were falling with tulwars."

Another adds: "As soon as the mutineers entered Delhi a great many Englishmen and Englishwomen and children escaped, but numbers could not do so, and those who did not escape were subjected to outrage worse than death. The daughter of an English clergyman was driven through the streets of Delhi naked, then subjected to unspeakable outrages by an infuriated soldiery, and afterward cut to pieces with swords. An English lady in the same city was suspended by the feet naked and hacked to pieces.

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"In Delhi six European ladies had taken refuge in a room; one of them, very young and beautiful, concealed herself under a sofa. The other five were subjected to outrage by the mutinous soldiery, and then beheaded. The blood trickled under the sofa, and the young female concealed there betrayed herself by uttering a shriek. She was seized and taken to the harem of the King of Delhi.

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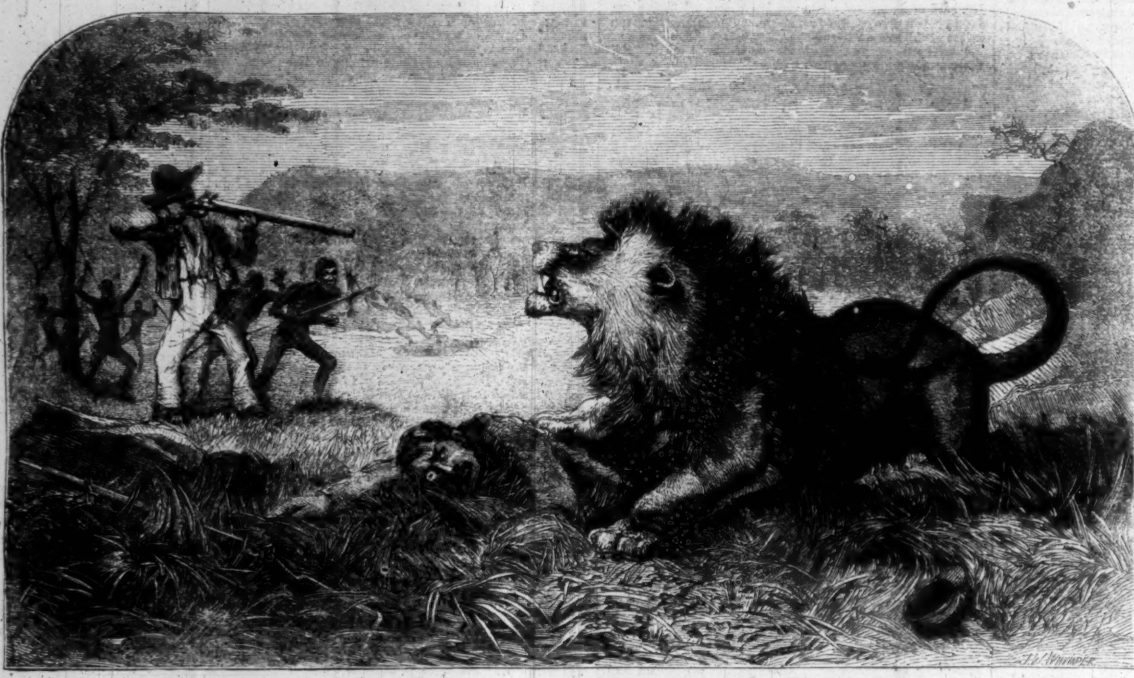
"No one can tell, none but the Almighty, who has no doubt heard the smothered prayer for mercy, can tell what our sisters especially have gone through. The exquisite nature of the torture they inflict has something awful in it. For instance, they dragged forth a poor woman, *enceinte, then cut off her breasts*, so that they might mock her, then vilely treated her—so vilely that the pen can not depict the horror—and then, a gasping body, they threw her into the jungle to be treated by beasts and birds of prey more merciful than man.

* * * * * * *

"They burned one whole family, from grandfather to grandchildren, alive! Others they killed by inches, cutting off the nose, then the ears, then fingers, then toes, etc.; children they killed—little innocent babes."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S GREAT WORK ON AFRICA.



DR. LIVINGSTONE ATTACKED BY THE LION.

At length the Messrs. Harper have in press the great work in which Dr. Livingstone narrates the story of his African discoveries. All authorities concur in stating that it will, like Dr. Barth's work on the same subject, not only place the author in the first rank of travelers and geographical explorers, but also inaugurate a new era in geographical science. Henceforth writers on Africa will speak of the period before Livingstone and Barth, and the period subsequent to their discoveries, as we speak of the ages prior and posterior to Columbus.

The man was singularly fitted for the work. The son of a small Glasgow tea-dealer, of a family nursed in hardship in the Hebrides, David Livingstone began work, at the age of ten, as a "piecer" in a cotton factory. With his first week's wages he purchased—of all things in the world—a Latin grammar; and though his work at the factory commenced at six in the morning, and ended at eight in the evening, he prosecuted his classical studies with such perseverance that by the time he was sixteen he could read Horace and Virgil fluently. Hear this, youths who complain that over-work is destroying your constitutions!

A difference of opinion between the young student and his father as to the course of reading of the former gave him some little uneasiness. The father, a stern Calvinist, knew of no work so fit for the perusal of a lad of sixteen as Boston's "Fourfold State," the "Cloud of Witnesses," and similar theological performances; the student preferred treatises on botany and geology, and risked his father's wrath to ruralize with Culpepper's "Herbal" in his hand. This predilection for science—combined with a strong religious fervor which seized young Livingstone at the time his mind was developing—led to his determination to become a foreign missionary. He resolved to be a medical missionary, and selected China as the field for his labors. Years of study were yet before him; but he persevered, read *materia medica* by placing the book before him on the jenny as he worked at the mill, and in due course of time, after a sharp tussle with the examiners on the merits of the stethoscope, obtained his diploma of "licentiate," and an engagement from the London Missionary Society to go—not to China, with which country Great Britain was at war—but to Southern Africa.

PITFALL FOR ELANDS.

It was in 1840 that Mr. Livingstone settled, with his wife, at a Bechuana village called Mebotza, of which we will only say that it stands in latitude 25° 14′ south. He was the first European, the first white man, who had ever lived among these Bechuanas. Of course he went among them unclothed with authority. Argument and persuasion were the only weapons he could use. The natives were all, of course, heathens, and not devoid of superstitious prejudice against other creeds; they were no fonder of foreigners than the Africans usually are: so that the missionary who went among them to proselytize and establish European civilization must have had no slight difficulties to encounter at the outset.

Kindness and medical assistance seem to have commenced the work of conquest. An adventure which befell Mr. Livingstone shortly after his first arrival in the country still further helped to win the hearts of the natives. For some time past the cattle-pens of the village had been molested by lions, which levied toll upon them regularly. By Mr. Livingstone's advice, a party was formed to attack the lions. They encircled a small hillock on which the royal plunderers had taken refuge; from want of nerve and skill in the hunters, the lions, seeing through the affair, refused to be caught, and dashed safely through the ring.

One of them the missionary perceived crouching behind a bush. Taking good aim, at about 30 yards' distance, Livingstone fired both barrels.

"He is shot," roared the crowd; "let us go to him."

"Stop," said the prudent missionary, who saw the brute's tail erect; "wait till I load."

He had barely uttered the words when the lion was on him with a spring.

We must give the story in Mr. Livingstone's own words:

"Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which appears to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but don't feel the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced by all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision to lessen the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eye directed to Mebalme, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of 10 to 15 yards. . . . ."

We will cut short this lion story by saying that he wounded two more men very badly, then died of his wounds. The bone of Dr. Livingstone's arm was crunched into splinters, and he had eleven tooth marks on the upper part of the arm.

The net results of the affray were a false joint in Dr. Livingstone's arm, several very unpleasant wounds (the lion bite sloughs, and suppurates like a gun-shot wound), and, to balance this, a vast amount of consideration among the Bechuanas for the valor he had displayed.

Whether the affair produced its effect upon the mind of the chief of the tribe does not directly appear; but, greatly to the delight of the missionary, he soon began to take pleasure in doctrinal discussions. From this he passed to the study of the Bible, and took especial delight in hearing Livingstone read Isaiah, of whom he used to say: "He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak!" At last he resolved to be baptized. Like the chiefs and kings of mediaeval Europe, he desired to make his conversion a grand and striking spectacle, by being made a Christian in company with the chief men of his tribe.

"If you like," said he to the missionary, "I will call some men, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together."

Besides his objections to this comprehensive scheme of conversion, Dr. Livingstone had scruples about baptizing this chief (whose name, by-the-way, was Sechele), because he had several wives, whom it seemed unjust to throw upon the world. But Sechele was ardent; the new faith had seized hold of him; he put away all his wives save one large, greasy creature, gave them some clothing, and sent them to their fathers; then was duly admitted a member of the Church.

The people who witnessed the baptism cried at seeing their chief "sell himself to the strange teacher;" but the discarded wives abused him in terms which, as Sechele confessed, would have cost them their lives a week before.

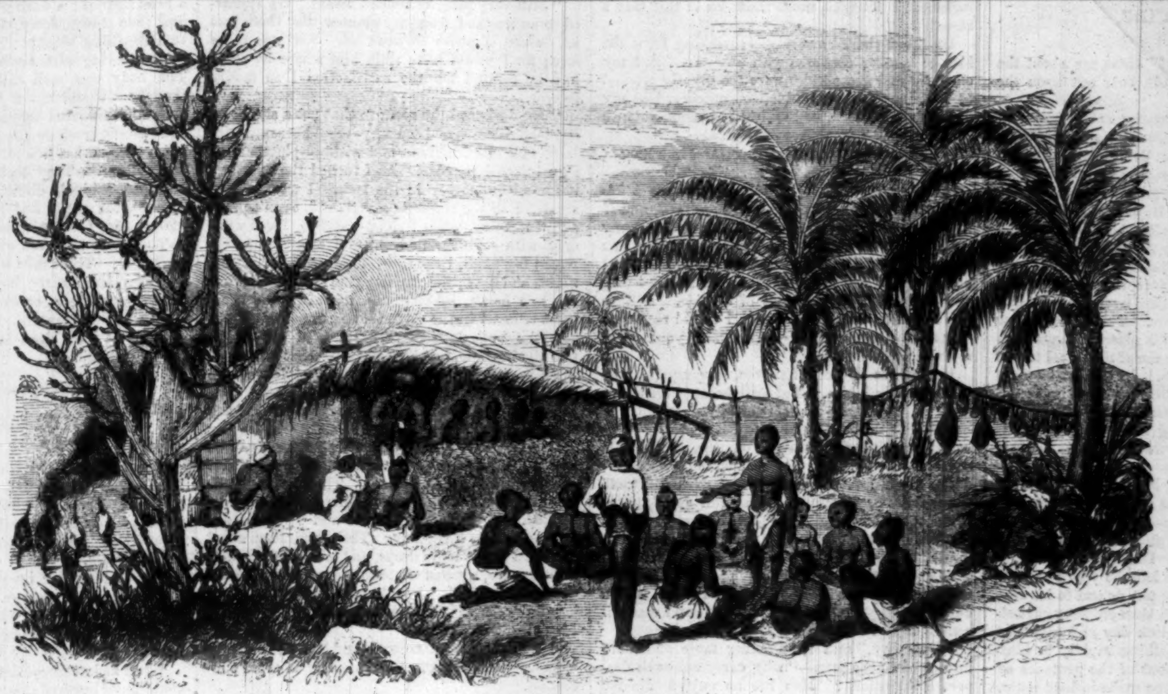
The natural rivals of Dr. Livingstone were the famous Bechuana Rainmakers, of whom Mr. Moffat has given us so entertaining a description. They seem to have conducted their controversies with the "white wizard" with a degree of decorum which might serve as an example to some Christian sectarians. At the worst, when each side had exhausted its arguments, and the Doctor would wind up by saying, "I think you deceive both the people and yourself"—the Rainmaker would reply, "Then there are a pair

LIONS DINING EN FAMILLE.

of us," and politely take his leave. In seasons of great drought, when the villagers suffered agonies, the old men would sometimes assure Dr. Livingstone confidentially that the failure of the rain arose from his "everlasting preaching and praying and ringing of bells;" but they never proceeded, as might have been expected, to overt acts of violence.

They seem in truth to be an amiable, well-intentioned people. Dr. Livingstone's description of his every-day life among them reminds one of scenes in the Vicar of Wakefield.

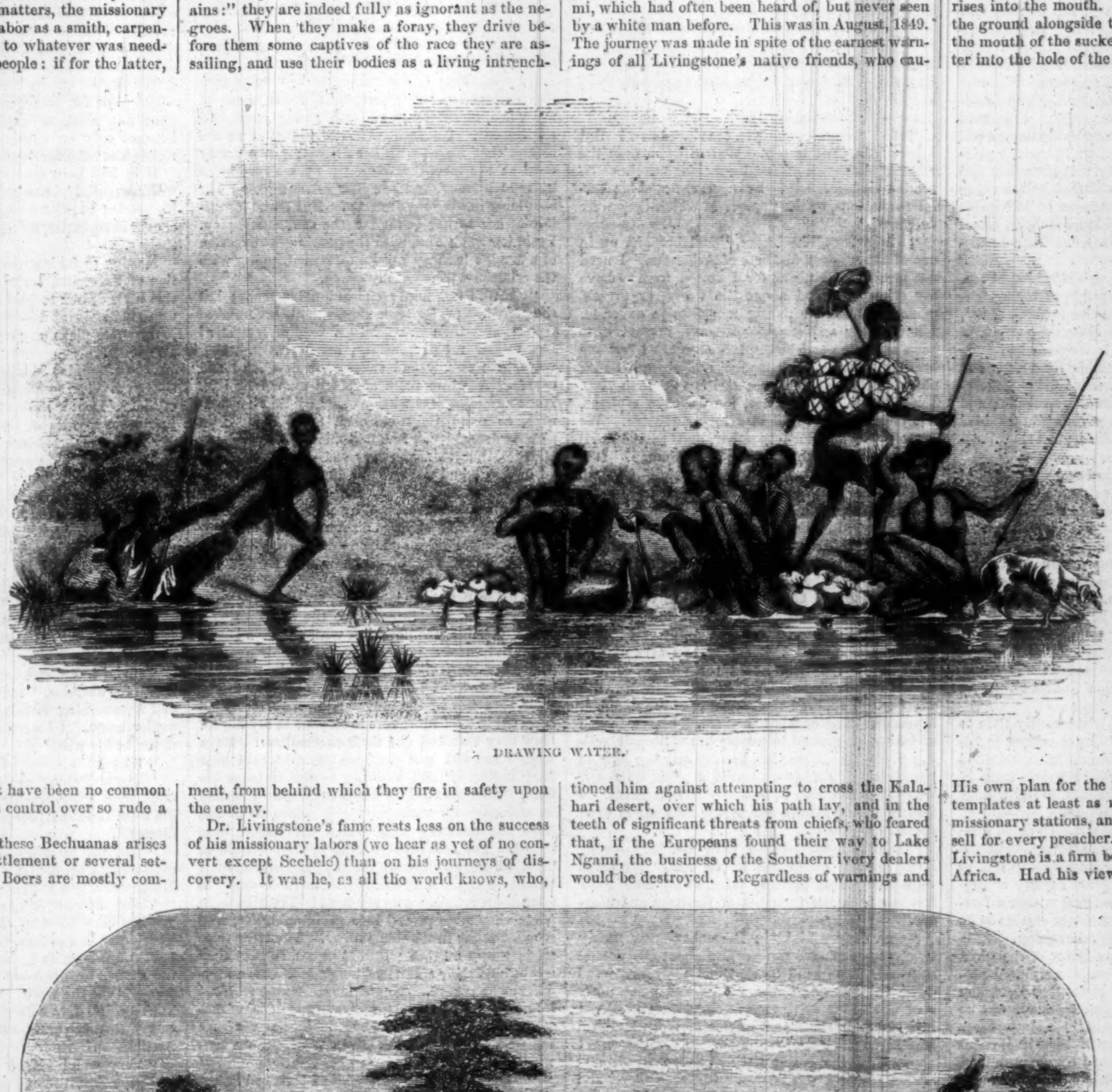
"We rose early, because, however hot the day was, the evening, night, and morning were deliciously refreshing; cool is not the word where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight without fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship, between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend—men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labor as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people: if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden or at some other employment. After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes of girls to learn the art; this, too, was equally relished. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse with any one willing to do so, sometimes on general subjects, sometimes on religion. On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick and prescribing for them, giving food and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched," etc.



A BECHUANA VILLAGE.

This is certainly a very pretty picture of village life. Dr. Livingstone, who is modesty itself, must have been no common man to have attained such control over so rude a people.

The greatest sorrow of these Bechuanas arises from their vicinity to a settlement or several settlements of Boers. These Boers are mostly composed of Europeans who have fled from justice in Cape Colony, or emigrated from thence in search of a more independent home. Their theory is that Africa belongs to them, and that the Bechuanas are bound to work for them without pay in consideration of being allowed to reside in "their country." This theory they most vigorously carry into practice; not only compelling the effeminate Bechuanas to work for them at seed and harvest time, but making forays at regular intervals for the capture of slaves. Dr. Livingstone, who lost his library and furniture during one of these forays, is justly severe on the ruthless marauders. He derives consolation from the fact that the Caffres are being crowded down upon the Boers, who know better than to molest that formidable race. They seem certainly to be a very barbarous set of people. They talked of quarreling with the British Government at Cape Town, because the Governor had set up a telescope at the Cape "to look at them behind the mountains:" they are indeed fully as ignorant as the negroes. When they make a foray, they drive before them some captives of the race they are assailing, and use their bodies as a living intrenchment, from behind which they fire in safety upon the enemy.



DRAWING WATER.

Dr. Livingstone's fame rests less on the success of his missionary labors (we hear as yet of no convert except Sechele) than on his journeys of discovery. It was he, as all the world knows, who, in company with two great hunters, Messrs. Oswell and Murray, discovered the great Lake Ngami, which had often been heard of, but never seen by a white man before. This was in August, 1849. The journey was made in spite of the earnest warnings of all Livingstone's native friends, who cautioned him against attempting to cross the Kalahari desert, over which his path lay, and in the teeth of significant threats from chiefs, who feared that, if the Europeans found their way to Lake Ngami, the business of the Southern ivory dealers would be destroyed. Regardless of warnings and threats, the travelers persevered in their design, and, after suffering great tortures from want of water, achieved their aim, and launched their boat on the lake at the period mentioned.

One of the most curious customs which they noticed on their journey was the contrivance of the Bakalahari—the desert men—to conceal their water supplies from their inveterate enemies, the Bechuanas. When they have found water, "they fill the pits with sand, and make a fire over the spot. When they wish to draw water for use, the women come with twenty or thirty of their water vessels in a bag on their backs. These water vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. The whole stock is thus passed through the woman's mouth as a pump, and when taken home is carefully buried."

We shall take an early opportunity of resuming our consideration of the very interesting and important discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, and especially of his great journey across the continent of Africa, in which he traveled ground previously untrodden by the white man's foot.

The work is written from the stand-point of a statesman and a philosopher as well as a missionary. "Sending the Gospel to the heathen must," he says, "include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm." He claims that the trader and the missionary must go together, and must be considered as inseparable. "Neither civilization nor Christianity can be promoted alone," he adds. His own plan for the regeneration of Africa contemplates at least as many commercial dépôts as missionary stations, and a shrewd man to buy and sell for every preacher. Under these auspices, Dr. Livingstone is a firm believer in the redemption of Africa. Had his views prevailed and been acted upon a generation since, his hopes might have been shared by a larger circle of intelligent men at the present day, and the condition of interior Africa might have been very different from what it is.

It may also be hoped that, now that the advocates of a system of missionary labor combined with trade have so bold and so able a champion as Dr. Livingstone, something may be done in earnest to give their theory a practical trial. Year after year we are sending out missionaries to countries where they waste their noble lives, with very inadequate result. What if this country were to set the example of accompanying each preacher with a trader, and bidding the two combine their efforts? How if the system were tried, for instance, in Siam? where we have had missionaries, a host of doctors and clergymen, for over a quarter of a century, with what result Sir John Bowring has already told us.

A DUEL À MORT.

THE SUICIDE.

"A man overboard!"

Next to the cry of "Fire!" these are about the most thrilling words you can hear out upon the great deep.

On board the *Fugitive*, running, as she then was, at the rate of eleven knots before a stiff breeze, these words were the certain death-warrant of one unfortunate mortal. It was utterly impossible to rescue him. In vain were preparations hurriedly made to lower the boat. In vain was the vessel put about with all possible dispatch. Long before she swung round the "man overboard" was a mile behind, and lost to sight forever.

The passengers hastened to the quarter-deck, and, with eager interest, looked over the bulwarks into the unfathomable waters. The captain, after a brief inspection through his glass, shrugged his shoulders, and directed the man at the wheel to put the ship again on her course. In another moment her sails were once more filled; like a greyhound just unleashed, the *Fugitive* bounded over the waves, nor did the favoring winds subside until, on the following afternoon, we anchored in the port of Havre.

And the man overboard? Peace be with his soul!

No other eyes except mine saw that fatal spring. He was a strange character—sufficiently uncouth, in dress and appearance, to attract the attention of a most indifferent observer. During the entire passage, from the moment we left the wharf at New York until he so summarily put an end to his life, I had noticed him with more than ordinary curiosity. He would walk the deck day and night, in fair weather and in foul, talking rapidly to himself. He seemed unconscious of the presence of any one; and though he often spoke in loud tones, I strove in vain to understand what he said. On the morning of the suicide he gazed for hours together into the water. I watched him then, simply because he was the only object I had to watch. I had no idea of his intentions. His manner had been all along so unaccountable that he ceased to excite my astonishment. I thought him some poor maniac, escaped, perhaps, from Bloomingdale, or destined certainly to end his days there. When he flung himself into the water, without any premonition, I was thoroughly taken aback. I shouted "A man overboard!" and instinctively flung a coil of rope into the sea. I watched his figure with painful anxiety as it drifted away. It grew less and less distinct. Finally, with a daring gallantry, as though he rejoiced at the prospect of inevitable death, he lifted his hat and waved it thrice round his head. This was his last adieu. Then he disappeared.

A tragedy like this will absorb attention at sea. The curiosity, if not the sympathy, of the passenger is roused; he has nothing else to think about, and his mind dwells tenaciously on the subject, be it ever so distasteful. But having reached *terra firma*, he soon ceases to remember the scenes and incidents of his voyage. It was not long, therefore, before I forgot the unfortunate suicide; and his wretched fate would have never again troubled my memory had it not been for a most singular—a most startling circumstance.

The suicide himself—haggard and wild—rushed past me as I lounged, one evening, at the door of my hotel in Paris! He looked like a ghost, summoned suddenly from the world of doomed spirits. I could not be mistaken; the height, figure, manner, were all his; his hat was drawn down over his eyes, and his heavy overcoat was buttoned up to his throat (though it was very warm), in the same way precisely as when he flung himself into the water. Was it a vision, a trick of the imagination, a fancy? Was it a spirit; or had the man passed in bodily shape before me? I was sorely puzzled, and more worried than I chose to confess even to myself.

He passed so rapidly that I had hardly time to think, much less to examine him closely or to follow him, which I certainly should have done had that been possible. But directly I caught sight of him he plunged into the crowd, and, in the dusk of the evening, I could see him no more.

Startling as this incident was, it soon faded from my mind amidst the pleasures and bustle of the French capital. I had so many sights to see, so many places to visit, such a great variety of subjects to engross my attention, that within a fortnight I forgot the strange form of the suicide as he rushed by me on that hot August evening.

Up, up, up the everlasting stairs of the great Cathedral Tower. The view *must* be seen. I protested against such exercise in the dog-days, and tried to defer it as long as possible, but it was no use. My guide and *chaperon* in these matters was inexorable. "Pagan" was one of the mildest terms of reproach with which he could couple my name. So I submitted. I stopped half-way up to recover breath. The stoppages became more frequent as I advanced; but at length I *did* reach the summit, hot and fatigued.

The view was certainly sublime! How fresh and vigorous the breeze at this dizzy height! But what a contrast below, where the gayest city in Europe, for once tranquil, seemed to have stretched out its huge limbs in repose, under the exhausting influence of a midsummer sun. From the panting earth the steam slowly ascended, or floated lazily away in thin, misty clouds. I inhaled a different atmosphere, and looked down upon the thousands of toiling insects with a feeling of benign compassion.

A solitary individual stood on the tower top. When I had recovered my breath sufficiently to notice him, I found that he was closely scrutinizing me. By Heavens! it was the suicide! He was in bodily form—no doubt of that. Unshaven, wild, uncouth as ever, he glared at me from beneath his dark, heavy brows. He must have been at one time a man of prepossessing appearance, for even yet, in despite of the ravages, not of time but of disease, mental or physical, there were traces of remarkable personal beauty on his haggard, care-worn countenance. What a world of misery and suffering, I thought, must there be in this man's history!

He stood there cowering—shrinking from the idea of holding converse with any one. But my curiosity and sympathies were too greatly excited to let him escape. I advanced quickly, laid my hand upon his arm, and claimed his acquaintance as a fellow-passenger from America.

He mumbled something about being in a hurry; but I would not be put off.

"Excuse me, friend," I said; "you are a fellow-countryman of mine in a strange land, and if it were not so, your present appearance claims my sympathies. I am very curious to learn how you escaped after jumping into the sea, and—if I might be so impertinent as to pry into your affairs—why you committed such an act of despair. Believe me, I seek to do you no harm; I would rather do you all the service in my power, and you appear to be in need of a friend."

Unused, as he doubtless was, to sympathy, my words touched him. But still he answered in a reckless, devil-may-care sort of way,

"What's the use in trying to kill yourself? I've been trying it for months and months, and can not succeed. I swallowed Prussic acid once, but overdosed myself. At another time I dashed myself from a railway train, going at full speed, but I could only break my leg. Then I thought that if I took ship and flung myself overboard in mid-Atlantic, I should surely find the death I craved. But, as you see, I am here alive to-day. I did not think we were so near the French coast, and a cursed fishing-smack picked me up when I was unconscious and had lost all powers of resistance."

"But why," said I, becoming more and more interested in the man—"why carry out such desperate intentions? Has life no enjoyments for you? Have you sought as resolutely for peace and happiness in this world as you have after the terrible uncertainties of the next? Are you sure that you will better your condition by suicide? Can you find no comfort here?"

His face darkened with uncontrollable emotion as I spoke, and grasping me by the hand he muttered in a hoarse whisper, "I am a murderer—a fratricide! Hell contains no demon as deeply dyed in guilt as I am!"

I recoiled, involuntarily.

"Ha!" he said; "are you convinced now? But I have more yet to tell. Wait till you hear the whole;" and with almost incoherent utterance he related his brief story. I can never forget his fearful revelations, or the manner in which they were delivered.

"I was born," he began, "and brought up in one of the wildest districts of Arkansas. I need not mention the place, for I do not wish to have my crimes hawked about the world, or myself made a subject for puling moralists to execrate. I have other and stronger reasons, moreover, to keep my name and birth-place secret. I had one brother, younger than myself, and though I look old now, I have not yet reached my thirtieth year. I loved that brother once, for we were orphans, left alone in the world at a very early age. We grew up to manhood together, and, as the devil would have it, both loved the same woman. It is an old story—varied, perhaps, in detail—but still the old story of jealousy and revenge. From the moment when I first discovered that my brother loved, I hated him with an intense hatred. She—on my soul I do now verily believe it—was no better than a flirt. Her vanity was piqued by our adoration, and she kept us both on and off, favoring first one and then the other. Day by day I grew mad and madder with hatred and jealousy. The thought of revenge, at first vague and indefinite, crept stealthily into my soul on dark nights. I would then wander about the village, or lock myself up, unable to work or hold communion with any one. I suffered the torments of the damned, if you can imagine what they are. I have dashed myself to the ground in paroxysms of despair, rolling about like a maniac, tearing out my hair in handfuls. I would not know, at such moments, whether it was love or hatred I felt for Ellen. I was lost to all reason, and to the instincts of even common humanity.

"The Tempter labored with me long—very long; but he triumphed in the end. I became calm then—most horribly calm, as my mind grew familiar with the thoughts of Revenge and Murder."

"One dreary night in December—now nearly two years ago—I was prowling about the village as usual. The wind howled and the rain poured down in torrents; but I heeded them not. My soul was black as the storm-clouds overhead. I had shut out the last glimmer of light, and had smothered the last appealing cry of conscience. I approached the cottage where Ellen lived, and peered through the lattice. She was there, and he, my brother and hated rival, was with her. I did not stop to witness any endearments pass between them; my fancy always conjured up enough of such scenes; but I turned away and crept stealthily home. My determination was fixed.

"I waited, and waited, and waited with devilish patience till he arrived. Ha! that was his step. I heard it when far up the road. He entered, flushed and excited. This was enough to arouse all Satan within me if he was not fully aroused already. How calm I was when I spoke! I told him what he well knew—that each loved the same woman; that the earth was not wide enough for both; that one of us must die—die that night!

"A pause. He grew very pale, but did not speak.

"He looked so handsome as he stood there, silent and motionless, with his eyes fixed sternly on mine; he brought up so strongly to my memory the early, happy days of our boyhood, that I could not kill him in cold blood. I suggested, therefore, a duel in a dark room, with knife and pistol. The proposition was a horrid one. It was not possible for both to escape. We must fight until one or the other or both were killed.

"Still very pale, he nodded assent. He appeared to understand from my manner that there was no chance of peace between us. Nor was there any; for I would have slain him where he stood had he refused me the satisfaction I so madly sought.

"We darkened the room so that not a streak of light—if there had been any—could struggle in. It was all black without and within—black as our own infernal purpose. As I turned the door-key it grated ominously in the lock. I was acutely sensitive to the slightest sound, and, even at that awful moment, when I stood watching for my enemy with revolver in hand and bowie-knife between my teeth, I thought of the wildness of the night, and how painfully the wind swept round our desolate house, sobbing and moaning like some huge monster in the throes of death.

"We both instinctively removed our shoes. Oh, the horrible, horrible suspense that followed! More than twenty minutes elapsed while we were groping about cautiously and noiselessly, each striving to gain an advantage. Life and death hung on a whisper—on the faintest sound. By some strange trick of fortune we must have passed and repassed each other a dozen times without once meeting in the darkness. The anguish I suffered in that brief space of time can not be described. It whitened my hair and furrowed my face as you see them now. The perspiration stood out upon me in large drops, and, unable to endure such torture, a groan of mortal agony rose from the depths of my soul. I could not suppress it.

"The noise, slight though it was, revealed where I stood.

"A flash! a loud report! and a ball that laid open my cheek, followed one another in rapid succession.

"By the light of that pistol-shot I saw him—my brother, my deadly foe! He was not a yard distant! Quick as thought I leveled my weapon and—fired! He did not utter a sound, but I heard him fall heavily on the floor. Ah! I knew he was dead, for I had taken fatal aim. I rushed at him in frenzy. I drove my knife again and again into his body; and then I fled out into the storm.

"I sped along to *her* house, for my vengeance was not satiated. She came down at the sound of my voice, unaffectedly alarmed at my unnatural excitement. I never saw her so beautiful as she looked that night, with her dressing-gown partly open at the throat, revealing a neck as white as untrodden snow, and her hair drooping over her shoulders in glorious disarray. But I was insensible either to her beauty or the commonest pity. I told her ALL; and, with the gloating satisfaction of a fiend, I held up my knife, still dripping with the crimson witness of my crime.

"She did not faint; she did not scream; but she glared at me for some moments like a famished tigress, and then burst into a roar of laughter! She talked rapidly, wildly, incoherently. Her voice, always low and sweet, was now loud and coarse. A white foam gathered about her lips. Her expression was wholly changed, and her features, so exquisitely chiseled, grew hideous in ghastly deformity. She told me, with a revolting chuckle, that it was me she loved—not my murdered brother; and she tried to fling her arms round me and caress me, gibbering all the while the fondest words of affection! Why should I say more? Great Heavens! she was a raving maniac!

"I turned again, and fled away, away into the blackness of the night—I knew not, I cared not whither.

"Out in the storm! Away, away to the blue hills afar off. I plunged into the forest to shut out, if possible, the howlings with which a legion of devils hunted me on. On, still on! No refuge beneath these leafless trees. How they swayed back and forward in the wind! How they tossed their branches in the air! How they stretched them out in wild endeavors to stop me in my flight! How they shrieked out their execrations! Even when I had fled into the open plain I could hear them muttering and moaning in the distance behind. Still pursued by fiends incarnate, I rushed on and on—any where, oh! any where to escape from the madness with which all nature was seized. The clouds were mad as they drifted in fantastic shapes athwart the sky, and whenever I looked up there were hands innumerable ready to pour down vengeance on my head! The hills were mad; they were turned into giant sphinxes, who scowled at me in rebuking anger. The trees were mad; they tore themselves to pieces, so that they might hurl their splintered fragments at the murderer as he passed. The winds were mad; lashed into fury, they bore along a countless army of maniacs who shouted 'Ho! ho!' in mockery of my frantic efforts to shrink away from Omnipotent wrath.

"I believe days elapsed while I thus fled before the devils that pursued me. I kept no count of time. I knew not how, or when, or where I reached human habitation. I was first recalled to the consciousness that I still walked the earth by the scream of a steam-engine. I took passage for the most distant terminus. My old frenzy revived with ten-fold vehemence on the railway train. I felt an irresistible impulse to fling myself from the cars, and with me to think was always to act. So I dashed myself overboard, and on, on the monster rushed, leaving me crushed and senseless behind. Why did I not die then? Why did any one save my wretched life and bring me back to the hell from which I strove to escape? Twice since, as you know, have I attempted to destroy myself, and now—ha! ha! we shall see what virtue lies in a leap from this grand old tower! Stand back! or else, by the Eternal! I will drag you with me to perdition!"

He flung me from him as he spoke. I was weak as a child in his hands. He seemed gifted with supernatural strength. It was impossible for me, unaided, to frustrate his intentions. I called loudly for help.

With a movement quick as lightning he sprung to the verge of the tower; there he stood poised for a brief instant; a flash of exultation from his eye, and then down, down, down head foremost from that appalling height!

Shuddering with horror I crawled to the edge. The body was still falling, falling, falling. I thought it would never reach the bottom. Presently there floated upward the dull, heavy sound of a distant crash on the pavement. There was a great commotion below. The people ran hither and thither. They looked like ants whose nest had been suddenly disturbed. I was sick and giddy with the sight, and hastily descended from a place where I had witnessed such an awful scene.

There was a dense crowd of people collected in the street. Three men were bearing away a bleeding, shapeless mass. It would have been impossible to recognize it, or even to say that it had ever been a human creature.

Dead at last! dead at last! Poor, wretched, misguided suicide!

GOING FOR A SONG.

I.

Fabricius d'Eisbach left the University of Königsberg the day that he obtained the first prize for musical composition, and with his gold medal in his pocket, and his oaken crown under his arm, joyously took the road which led to the farm of his uncle Muller.

Six months after, the young composer renounced a musical career forever—renounced a career that opened brilliantly for him, a career full of glorious dreams of the future—to become a farmer like his uncle.

What had occurred during this six months that could have inspired this young composer with this sudden and desperate resolution? One word will explain all. His uncle Muller was a practical man.

"My dear Fabricius," he said to the artist, "your father scouted my advice. He became a soldier in spite of me. Well! he died in a strange country without a coin in his pocket, and left me a couple of children to bring up. You are free to follow his example—only I give you warning that I will dispose of my fortune otherwise than you might hope for, and that you nor your sister will have any thing to expect. With glory, a man browses only on withered laurels; but labor enriches him who follows it."

If he had been single and at liberty, Fabricius would certainly have refused this implied offer of his uncle; but there was his sister Marie, and his cousin Marguerite, to whom his uncle had given a shelter.

Having so far instructed the reader on the position of Fabricius, I will permit the personages of this little drama to play their own parts, drawing up the curtain at the moment that Mademoiselle Marguerite picks a quarrel with her cousin M. Fabricius.

Let us imagine Marguerite and Marie alone on the stage. The supposition is theatrical—but what of that? Doctor Bellows has indorsed the theatre. Let us suppose them, I say, alone on the stage.

Marie is embroidering in silk near the window.

Marguerite turns over the leaves of a book, with her rosy fingers.

"Well!" said Marie, raising her head, "my brother has left you to do as you please, and you profit by the opportunity to forsake your piano, capricious creature that you are! I could scold you, really!

"Don't be angry! what is the matter? I used to love music it is true."

"It is not because you do not love music, but because you do not love my brother that I complain."

"Oh! I know and appreciate all the good qualities of Fabricius," answered Marguerite, rising and approaching Marie, "I have never known a nobler heart. I love him as a brother, but I can never be his wife."

"Why?"

"You will think my answer ridiculous. I find fault with your brother because he has forfeited his most brilliant prospects in order to become a farmer."

"Yes, and so unfortunate has he been, that the estate under his care has doubled in value. Truly, Marguerite, you are reasonable!"

"The sarcasm is natural for you whose horizon has been bounded, Marie, by the trees amidst which you have been born. As for me, I am a barbarian, born in a far-off country, deprived of my mother in birth—it is natural, therefore, that I should see the world from other points than you. I divide life into two parts: one very small one, called Reality; and one very large one, called Art."

"Very well! Keep the big one for yourself, and give the little one to Fabricius."

"No, I want more than mere domestic bliss. I require the realization of dreams that will never be fulfilled."

"But, Marguerite, listen. No one can hear us; I promise profound secrecy. Let us talk no more of your marriage with my brother—who are you in love with?"

"Ah! that is it?"

"Come, now. Entire confidence. His name?"

"I do not know it."

"But he is of good birth?"

"I don't know."

"Young, handsome, rich?"

"I have never seen him."

"You are mad, then."

'Listen, and judge me. Two years ago—"

"Oh! you are beginning a novel."

"A life always begins like a novel. Two years ago I was walking on the sea-shore, at the foot of a range of lofty cliffs, when suddenly, without my perceiving it, the tide rose and encompassed me. I fled to a rock that lifted its peak out of the sea, and shut my eyes in momentary expectation of death.

"At this moment I found myself lifted by a powerful arm, and I heard a voice singing in a sin-

gular rhythm an entirely unknown song. I would have shrieked, but my voice, completely extinguished by terror, broke in an inarticulate murmur and I fainted.

"When I recovered I found myself in a fisherman's hut, with an old woman lavishing on me all kinds of attentions."

"And the singer?" asked Marie.

"After saving my life he disappeared."

"And you have never seen him since then?"

"Never. But I shall never forget the air he sang, and I wait for chance to reveal him to me through that."

"Hush! Here come my uncle and my brother," said Marie, putting her finger on her lips.

After embracing the two young girls, old Muller hung his gun in the chimney corner, and threw himself into a chair.

"I am perishing of thirst! Marie, make haste and bring us a jug of beer and a couple of glasses. Fabricius needs refreshment as much as I do."

"I have no objection, Uncle," answered Fabricius, placing on the table a roll of paper.

"Hey! why this is music!" cried Marguerite, who came and seated herself near Fabricius.

"Yes, dear cousin, these are the new scores that you have sent for to Königsberg. You will find here poor Wolfram's last melodies."

"Oh!" cried Marguerite, blushing with pleasure; "you know that he is my favorite author. Tell me, Fabricius, did you know Monsieur Wolfram at the University?"

"We were intimate friends."

"What has become of him?"

"He became a merchant captain."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"I will tell you," cried Marie, laughing; "because he used to spend his vacations with my brother. He was a great big fellow; hair thin and disheveled; pale as a ghost; speaking very little and eating a great deal; and continually smoking a queer pipe, which was about as long as I am."

"That's true," said Fabricius. "No one ever thought then what a fellow he would become. From being a mere dreamer Wolfram became a grave man of genius, and, like myself, made himself useful to society, instead of pursuing a false glory at the University, that leads but too often to misery."

"Bravo, Fabricius!" cried Uncle Muller, radiant with approval.

Marguerite and Marie glanced at each other significantly.

"And did Wolfram never regret the past, cousin?" asked Marguerite.

Fabricius cast a sweet but sad look upon the young girl.

"Cousin," he said, with emotion, "there remained for him the consciousness of having obeyed a necessity and fulfilled a duty."

"You hear?" whispered Marguerite in Marie's ear.

"But I don't understand," answered Marie.

"As for the rest, Wolfram's reform did not last long. He died a captain of a merchant vessel," continued Fabricius.

"Poor young man!" sighed Marguerite. "His genius killed him, perhaps."

"Not exactly, my dear Marguerite," interrupted Uncle Muller, shaking the ashes from his pipe; "Captain Wolfram was simply drowned in the harbor of Trieste."

"Captain Wolfram!" cried a servant at this moment, opening the door of the apartment.

Both young girls uttered a cry of terror, while old Muller and Fabricius ran to the door.

A tall, jovial-looking young man, in a varnished hat and suit of blue cloth, appeared on the threshold of the door, and flung himself in Fabricius's arms.

"Wolfram!" cried the young farmer, embracing his friend in turn.

"By Jove! it's himself!" echoed Muller, giving the captain a vigorous shake of the hand.

"Ladies, I have the honor to salute you," said Wolfram, taking off his hat. "I see from your astonishment that my resurrection is not yet known to you. Two words will explain all. I was nearly drowned when an Egyptian brig passed before the wind at about fifty yards from me. Happily I possess strong arms and good wind, and a quarter of an hour afterward I was scaling the companion ladder of the Egyptian vessel. So here I am."

"And you arrive now—?" queried old Muller.

"From the mother-land of ibises and crocodiles."

"Come, dear Marguerite," whispered Fabricius's sister, putting her arm in that of her cousin, "let us leave the captain to talk with Fabricius."

"You have not had breakfast, I suppose?" continued old Muller. "I will go and order some at once. I hope, my dear composer, that you will spend some months with us."

"Impossible, my dear Muller, my ship awaits me at Amsterdam, and it is necessary that I should be on board of her in eight days at least."

"Come, let us have one of our old-time chats," said Wolfram, when he and Fabricius found themselves alone, "and explain to me how it is that this morning, for the first time, I hear myself called *Maestro*, and illustrious composer?"

"Hush! hush!" cried Fabricius, terrified.

"What! I come up from the bottom of the Adriatic Sea, I travel eight hundred leagues to shake you by the hand, and you look as if I was the last person in the world you wanted to see, and say to me 'Hush! hush!'"

"Pardon me, my dear Wolfram; but the joy—the surprise of seeing you once more—"

"Ah! Fabricius, you remember the brave old times at the University—and our music! By-the-way, how go on your musical studies? Brilliant as ever? Eh?"

"I have given it up altogether, to become a farmer," said Fabricius, sadly.

"Pooh! you did right—because, after all, music is nothing more than—"

"Hush! In Heaven's name, Wolfram, never say that again!"

"Why not?"

"Have you forgotten, then, that you pass for one of the greatest composers in Germany?"

"I a composer! You think that I am going to allow this abominable slander to pass uncontradicted?"

"Deny this if you can," said Fabricius, taking from the piano a half dozen melodies, waltzes, and quadrilles.

"Hallo! '*Pensées Musicales*, by Captain Wolfram;' 'Songs of Evening, Duet for the Piano, by Captain Wolfram;' 'The Ocean Breeze;' 'The Mariner's Star,' etc., etc., etc. Eh! Who the deuce is this fellow that dares? But stop. There are laws in Prussia, and I will see if I have not the sole right to my own name. I will teach this fellow better than to father his crotchets and quavers on me."

"But if I implore you to do no such thing?" answered Fabricius, gazing sadly at his friend; "if I say to you, 'Wolfram, my happiness, the repose of my life, depends on your accepting this false musical reputation,' what would you say?"

"Well, if you wish it so particularly—but what interest can you have in it?"

"Do not ask me, dear Wolfram."

"You say it will be rendering you a service?"

"Which I will never forget with life."

"Be it so," murmured the Captain, after having reflected for a moment, "in a few days I shall be far from here. Let it go, if it occasions you so much happiness."

"You are the best fellow in the world, Wolfram."

"In a duet in the key of C," said the sailor, laughing. "Now service for service. Uncle Muller seems to have forgotten the breakfast."

"I will go and see to it."

"Do, and be sure that you get me a good bottle of wine. I remember that old Muller had of old some excellent Rhine wine."

"Your voyages have not changed your tastes, I see, friend Wolfram."

"Of course. It is my profession to remember all the coasts I have sailed by. A good bottle of wine is an excellent landmark."

"Have patience for ten minutes and I will be with you," and Fabricius left the room.

"Well, while he's gone I may as well look over my last compositions. A great man! Well, I never had the slightest idea of becoming one. Who the deuce could have conceived this idea? Some friend of Fabricius doubtless—some poor devil who had the misfortune to possess a ridiculously prosaic name that the music publishers would never consent to put on a title-page, while Wolfram sounds mightily well, and looks well, especially on mourning-colored paper, which might be supposed to suggest my unhappy end. The speculation was not a bad one. I recollect when Fabricius himself had the mania for composition."

While soliloquizing thus, the Captain seated himself before the piano, and with his right hand rambled over the keys.

There was one little song that he loved above all others, which he sang admirably; it was an expression of emotions half joyous, half sad.

"I'll try a verse, I think. Hem! Hem! That cursed sea-air makes a man as hoarse as a cannon."

And Wolfram striking two or three vigorous cords on the instrument, sang a few bars in a vibrating sonorous bass voice.

He had scarcely finished a first couplet when a cry of surprise suddenly brought him to a stop.

Marguerite was a few paces behind him, her face radiant with joy, and her left hand pressed almost convulsively on her heart.

"Where have you learned this air that you have just been singing?" she said, hesitatingly. "You are the author, are you not?"

"I, Mademoiselle?" said Wolfram, getting up. "You do not know, then?"

"Ah!" said Marguerite, with emotion, "I ought to have known that it was you."

"I must go on. There is no receding now," thought the young man. "So you believe, Mademoiselle, that there is no one else to whom you could attribute it?"

"I have sung your music, Sir."

"If it is so, Mademoiselle," answered Wolfram, with a smile, "I acknowledge it."

"But pray tell me, Sir, have you ever taught this air to any one?"

"Never, I assure you, Mademoiselle."

"Ah! then it is you who have saved me!"

Poor Wolfram looked stunned.

"Saved you! What? when? where?" he cried.

"Two years ago."

"So it seems that it is my good fortune to be a saviour of pretty women," muttered Wolfram, biting his lips to hinder himself from laughing. "Well, my double took my name without my permission. Tit for tat is fair play. She is lovely."

"You do not reply, Sir. If it is really to you that I owe my life, do not refuse any longer to accept of my gratitude."

"Well, it appears it is me," answered the Captain, with feigned modesty.

"You carried me into a fisherman's hut."

"Yes, old Jack—what-d'ye call him?"

"It was not Jack. It was old Margaret who—"

"Oh, yes, I remember. How is old Margaret?"

"Alas! she is dead!"

"So much the better—I mean so much the worse. My tongue is thick."

"Meantime, Sir, I trust that you will be so good as to return to me—you know what."

"I know what?" repeated Wolfram, puzzled.

"That which you took from me."

"I?"

"The bracelet made of my hair."

"Made of your hair, Mademoiselle! no human power will ever separate me from it. Hope not for it, I will never restore it!"

"Well, keep it, Captain," said Marguerite, casting down her eyes, "but only as a remembrance of the service you rendered me."

"Mademoiselle," cried Wolfram, passionately, "unhappily, I have no time to adopt the usual tortuous course of lovers. I go straight to the point, like a sailor that I am. I am twenty-eight years old, have an iron constitution, an income of three thousand florins, and the command of a vessel which brings me in as much more. I remain two months on shore year and year about; will you be my wife?"

"Your wife?" repeated Marguerite, stunned by the suddenness of the proposition.

"Come, don't be timid. Speak frankly. If you say Yes, I will return in a month; if you say No, I'm off for New Zealand, and you will hear no more of me."

"You would never renounce your music—your glory?"

"Never."

"But a marriage so precipitately contracted would be unprecedented."

"Then I will have the merit of having invented it."

"Captain," said Marguerite, as she prepared to leave the room, "here is my cousin Fabricius. Ask him. If he consents, I promise to obey him."

"You are a sweet girl!" cried Wolfram, pressing her hand.

II.

An hour after this interview the celebrated composer, Captain Wolfram, took old Muller and Fabricius on one side, and demanded officially the hand of Mademoiselle Marguerite in marriage.

The six thousand florins of income produced a magical effect on the old farmer, who was for fixing the day of the marriage without any further delay.

As to Fabricius he could scarcely master his displeasure, and after having sought to dissuade his friend from the project in vain, he positively refused his consent.

"Ah! Is this the way?" said the Captain, leading his old comrade into the recess of a window. "you refuse to admit me into your family. Well! By all that's lucky, I'll try my game too! To begin, I shall declare that I am not the author of all those duets. I shall renounce the glory of the 'Songs of Evening' and 'the Mariner's Star.'"

"Wolfram, you surely wouldn't do that?" stammered Fabricius, terrified.

"You shall see."

"But this marriage is impossible, I tell you. My cousin does not, can not love you!"

"Go on. Be as impertinent as you please; but pray ask her before you are so positive."

"Very well," said the young man, pale with emotion and anger. "But you will be silent?"

"Mute as a fish."

"Then to-morrow I will give you my answer."

"Her answer, you mean to say."

This last pronoun was used well by Wolfram, who knew that Fabricius was too loyal and upright to play the part of a grumpy guardian, and that his cousin's decision would be sacred to him.

As to Marguerite, with the romantic character which we know she possessed, the Captain's proposal could not fail of being well received by her. At the same moment she paid a debt to her preserver and linked her fate with that of an illustrious man.

Fabricius, on the morrow, brought to Wolfram a decision favorable to his suit.

There was only one person on the farm who divined the secret of Fabricius. This was Marie, who resolved to hinder a marriage that threatened misfortune to all. To speak to Marguerite would have been to lose her time, for the observations which Fabricius had deemed it his duty to address to that young lady had only confirmed her in her resolution. There remained nothing, therefore, but to attack the Captain. She sought an interview, and asked him to give up Marguerite.

Wolfram flew into a rage.

"Confound it!" he said, angrily. "Do they take me for a pestilence or a Pariah?"

"No, Captain," said the young girl, "but for a very obstinate man, who, persisting in a sudden resolution, will work misfortune to his best friend."

"Does Fabricius then love his cousin?"

"Unhappily, yes."

"But that's nothing if she does not love him."

"Sooner or later she will love him, when she will know all that he has done to render himself worthy of her love."

"Well, what would you have me do, Mademoiselle?"

"I wish you to restore—if not happiness, at least peace and repose to my brother."

"But if Mademoiselle Marguerite persists in wishing to marry me?"

"Marguerite is a fool, who loves you only because she thinks you are the author of all those pretty compositions published under your name."

"And you?"

"I don't believe any thing about it."

"Well, you're right after all."

"So you see how ridiculous the thing is. Your love will melt like ice under the sun."

"You make a pretty proposal to me, I swear!"

"My dear Captain Wolfram, I entreat you," cried Marie, in an imploring voice.

"Well, well, I will try," said Wolfram with a smile.

"Thanks, Captain. I knew you were a good man," answered Marie pressing his hands in her own.

"Well, keep your thanks until I shall have succeeded in unpoetizing myself in your cousin's eyes."

"Here they come across the park," said Marie, looking out of the window.

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted Wolfram, placing a bottle, a huge tumbler and a large pipe on the table. "Let us board her."

Marguerite entered just as Wolfram had concluded his warlike shout.

"By Jove!" he cried, flinging himself back in his chair, "old Muller's Johannisberg is splendid. I must tell Fabricius to put up some bottles for me as a sample. Oh! pardon me, Mademoiselle Marguerite," he stammered, pretending to be surprised; "I did not see you."

"I suppose, Sir, that you were absorbed in poetic meditations."

"I, Mademoiselle?" answered Wolfram, with awful simplicity. "I was thinking that I had made a capital breakfast, that was all. Does this smoke annoy you?"

"No, Sir," answered Marguerite, curtly.

"How will that do?" whispered Wolfram, winking at Marie.

"Excellent. Go on as you have begun;" then she added aloud, "How is it that you, a man of genius, pay any attention to such trifles?"

"Is it possible that you share in the folly of those romantic young women who believe seriously that poets live altogether on rose-water and dew? In the abstract that may be charming diet, but for a continuance give me a good beef-steak washed down with old wine. Such need never hinder a fellow from composing his 'Songs of Evening' after a couple of bottles, or knocking off his great love duet, while smoking a pipe."

"Is it possible that I hear him correctly?" sighed Marguerite, drawing near Marie.

"A hungry man," continued Wolfram, "never could have composed '*Les Farfadets*' or 'The Sailor's Return.' Yet the masses think that we carry a lyre and dance as in the time of Orpheus, and that we drink nothing but pure water from cups crowned with fresh myrtles."

"Oh! what a dream to awake from thus!" murmured Marguerite, burying her face in her hands.

"Say rather what a lesson," answered Marie, putting her arm around her cousin.

"Come, old Muller promised to show me over his estate," continued Wolfram, rising. "By Jove! with a good property to give one eating, drinking, and sleeping, to the devil with all notturnos, and sonatas in A minor, say I. Marie, give me your arm, and let us go and see the farm. When old Muller has shown us his turkeys, his espaliers, his ducks, and his asparagus, we will make him show the key-hole of the strong-box in which he keeps the gold crowns that he is going to give his lovely niece as a dowry."

"Will you come with us?" said Marie, as she passed her arm in that of the Captain.

"No!" said Marguerite, sinking on a sofa, and hiding her face behind some leaves of music, in order that she might weep unseen.

"*Au revoir*, Mademoiselle Marguerite!" cried Wolfram on the threshold. "Come cousin! You see," he continued, gayly, as he dragged Marie along—"you see that all my shots told. The craft is sinking. Seven feet of water in the hold."

"It is shameful! frightful!" murmured Marguerite, sobbing. "This man has no heart. I never can dare to tell Fabricius what has taken place. But still he must be told; for this marriage has become impossible."

At this moment Marguerite saw the figure of Fabricius reflected in the mirror, in the act of entering the room.

He was pale and disordered, and on his usually calm features fear and sorrow were painted.

The young farmer placed a rifle which he carried under his arm on the table, and having renewed the priming with a bitter smile that froze Marguerite to the heart he seated himself at the piano. Shrinking as close to the wall as she could, and remaining immovable as a statue, the young girl watched his every motion.

Fabricius ran his hands over the keys. His lips trembling with agitation opened slowly, and he sang in a sad, sweet voice the first verse of the song that Wolfram had sung before him.

Marguerite crushed her handkerchief against her lips, in order to stifle the cry that came involuntarily from her heart.

She recognized that voice. It was the same that she had heard the day when she lay dying on the sea-shore.

Presently the song became so faint that it sounded to Marguerite like a distant echo. When Fabricius had finished the last line, he rose and approached the table, but there, between him and the rifle, between his artist heart and the cold lead, stood Marguerite—Marguerite with a countenance transfigured with joy, and arms extended like a cross.

"No!" she said, with all her strength, "you shall not kill yourself, Fabricius, because I love you!"

Fabricius uttered a faint, sad cry.

"No, you shall not kill yourself, because I now know your secret. It is you who have saved me. It is you who alone are the author of those masterpieces of music."

"Silence! silence, Marguerite!" said the poor fellow in an imploring voice. "If my uncle heard you, you and my sister would be ruined."

"What!" cried Wolfram, suddenly appearing at the door; "do people talk in this way when they are twenty years old, and have genius? Pooh! You, Fabricius, borrowed my name without leave; well, I have taken your place here without leave also."

"What do you say?"

"I say that I have quitted the sea, and turned farmer. I say that I am going to put my money into this farm, and as I am richer than you are, stronger than you are, a better drinker and a better hunter than you are, your uncle receives me in your place with open arms; that's what I say."

"But my sister?—my cousin?"

"Be easy on that score. I have settled every thing. Marie and Marguerite will be your uncle's heirs."

"So Fabricius may retake his own name again?" said Marguerite, joyously.

"And the posthumous works of Captain Wolfram will exist no more."

"But what are we to do for you, who have sacrificed so much for our happiness?"

"I," said Wolfram, taking Marguerite's and Fabricius's hands, "I ask only to be godfather to your first child, as I have been godfather to your first works; and when my godchild is at all troublesome, I will rock him to sleep, singing Captain Wolfram's songs."

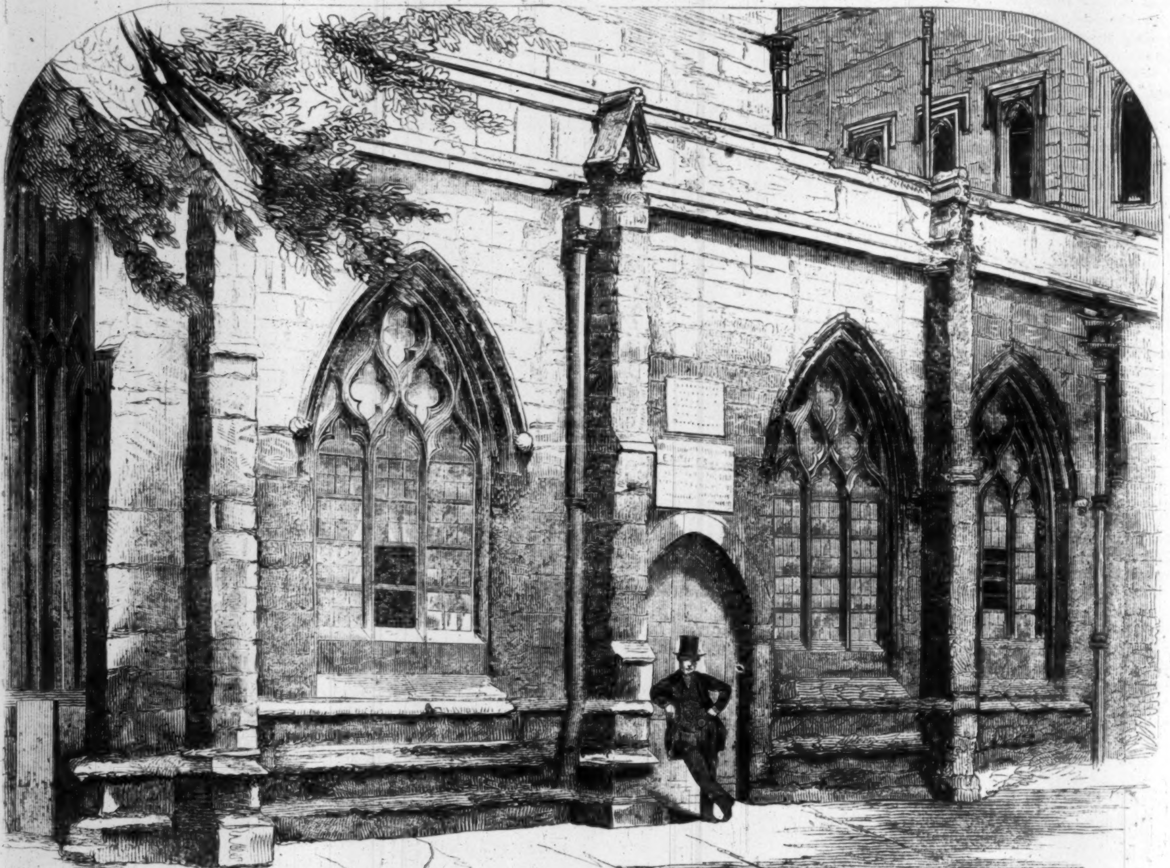
IN MEMORIAM JOHN COTTON.

Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, has recently been the scene of a gracefully-performed act of international courtesy, which we judge it not amiss to place upon record in these columns.

The English Boston, and the shire of which it is the chief town, were, in days long past, strong-holds of Puritanism. Hence came many of the worthies whose names and lives are most intimately connected with the early history of Massachusetts. Fleeing from their native place to a new and unknown country, in search of the religious liberty denied them at home, they yet bore in their hearts love for that home; and New England's chief city bears witness, in its name, to the loyal affection entertained by its early settlers for the place which had refused to shelter them longer.

About 1621, Rev. John Cotton became vicar of the ancient church and parish of St. Botolph's, in Boston, whose origin as a monastery dates back as far as the eighth century. He ministered there acceptably for twenty-one years; but finally felt himself impelled to proclaim his differences with the Established Church. He joined the Puritans, resigned his place, and in 1633 emigrated with a portion of his parishioners to America. They settled upon the site where now stands the American Athens, and called the new village they founded after the town whose inhospitable streets they had so lingeringly left. Rev. John Cotton was one of the chief men of the new settlement, and by his energy, his ability, and piety, contributed largely to the formation of the character of the new colony.

With such antecedents, it is not strange that the inhabitants of the two Bostons, American and English, have kept up friendly intercourse, and that the old Church of St. Botolph's (the finest parish church in all England, and a noble monument of architectural skill and grace), and the old streets and houses of old Boston, are often visited by pilgrims from the new Boston, who love there to trace the haunts and the deeds of their forefathers.



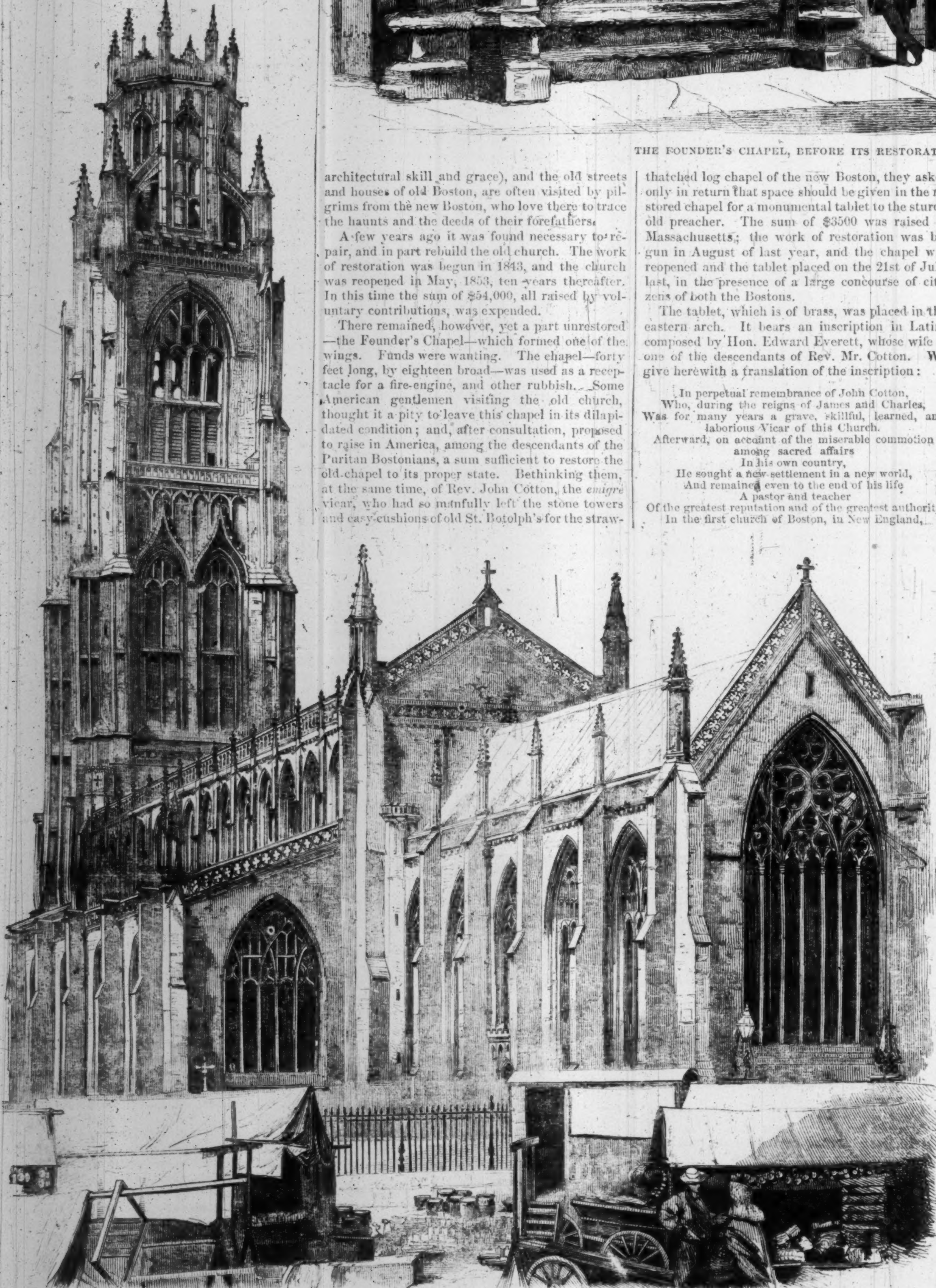
THE FOUNDER'S CHAPEL, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.

A few years ago it was found necessary to repair, and in part rebuild the old church. The work of restoration was begun in 1843, and the church was reopened in May, 1853, ten years thereafter. In this time the sum of $54,000, all raised by voluntary contributions, was expended.

There remained, however, yet a part unrestored—the Founder's Chapel—which formed one of the wings. Funds were wanting. The chapel—forty feet long, by eighteen broad—was used as a receptacle for a fire-engine, and other rubbish. Some American gentlemen visiting the old church, thought it a pity to leave this chapel in its dilapidated condition; and, after consultation, proposed to raise in America, among the descendants of the Puritan Bostonians, a sum sufficient to restore the old chapel to its proper state. Bethinking them, at the same time, of Rev. John Cotton, the *emigré* vicar, who had so manfully left the stone towers and easy-cushions of old St. Botolph's for the straw-thatched log chapel of the new Boston, they asked only in return that space should be given in the restored chapel for a monumental tablet to the sturdy old preacher. The sum of $3500 was raised in Massachusetts; the work of restoration was begun in August of last year, and the chapel was reopened and the tablet placed on the 21st of July last, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens of both the Bostons.

The tablet, which is of brass, was placed in the eastern arch. It bears an inscription in Latin, composed by Hon. Edward Everett, whose wife is one of the descendants of Rev. Mr. Cotton. We give herewith a translation of the inscription:

In perpetual remembrance of John Cotton,
Who, during the reigns of James and Charles,
Was for many years a grave, skillful, learned, and laborious Vicar of this Church.
Afterward, on account of the miserable commotion among sacred affairs
In his own country,
He sought a new settlement in a new world,
And remained even to the end of his life
A pastor and teacher
Of the greatest reputation and of the greatest authority
In the first church of Boston, in New England,
Which receives this venerable name
In honor of Cotton.
Ccxxv years having passed away since his migration,
His descendants and the American citizens of Boston
Were incited to this pious work by their English brethren,
In order that the name of an illustrious man,
The love and honor of both worlds,
Might not any longer be banished from that noble temple,
In which he diligently, learnedly, and sacredly
Expounded the divine oracles for so many years;
And willingly and gratuitously caused this shrine to be restored and this tablet to be erected
In the year of our recovered salvation, 1857.



ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, AS RESTORED.

The ten stone corbels, which sustain the principal timbers of the roof, have been faced with

THE COTTON TABLET.

the armorial bearings of ten families of New England, who are either descendants of John Cotton, subscribers to the Cotton Memorial, or the descendants of early settlers in or near Boston, in Massachusetts, who emigrated from old Boston and its immediate neighborhood.

The celebration produced a great excitement in the old town. Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas, was present at the ceremonial, which was attended also by the Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Kentucky, and by many American and English gentlemen and ladies. A sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, from the 4th chapter of Ezra, 2d verse: "Then they came to Zerubbabel, and to the chief of the fathers, and said unto them, Let us build with you: for we seek your God, as *ye do*."

Speeches were made, toasts drunk, and altogether a most harmonious spirit prevailed at this remarkable réunion.

BOGGLES'S PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR friend Boggles has got his photograph. Every body who is any body is getting his or her photograph. It has become a recognized social duty.

Boggles, the great stock-broker and financier, going out of his way to float a little with the tide of the humanities, as we observed, has been photographed. To those who do not know that his income is fifty thousand a year, he seems a bilious citizen, with a wart upon his nose, and bad arrangement of legs and shoulder-blades. Now a stoop is not worthy of perpetuation; symmetrical legs only should be delineated; a nasal wart is not a facial felicity. Why, therefore, did Boggles get his photograph? why rush upon the peril of solar decapitation? why diffuse his ugliness? why yield to the gentle weakness of wishing to see himself as others saw him? Is the great financier blind to his inharmonies? is he oblivious of his anatomical inaccuracies? or does he indulge the delusion that his great monetary and moral presence will cause the physical to pale its ineffectual fire?

Boggles enjoys our acquaintance. He is generally believed to attach extreme value to that circumstance. We are not surprised at this. You would regret the theory that three per cent. a month had all his years rounded his hopes and aspirations. You could not believe that the parts of speech were his natural enemies.

It is a good thing to be upon terms of social ease with a man whose income is fifty thousand a year. It is cheering to say My dear Boggles to the man whose nod sends Michigan Southern up among the fifties, and knocks the pins from under Cleveland and Toledo. It is rare to get your legs under his sumptuous mahogany, to inhale memories of the Rhine from goblets brimmed with hock, and to expire the celestial aroma of regalias *à la* Louis Philippe. We do not disguise our weakness. Mammon is a respectable institution. We approve of mammon. It is the unit which gives value to the social cipher at the head of the table.

We descend tranquilly upon the Boggleses now and then. We listen to the dropping pearls of the Trovatore from the lips of the divine Araminta; we criticise gently the poetry of the talented Clytemnestra; we profess an interest in the views of Boggles, junior (who inherits the paternal legs), on the subject of waistcoats; we smile at his puns, and listen to the rehearsal of his romances of the *Jardin Mabille*, of intrigues with countesses, of drives upon the Elysée and the Bois de Boulogne; for the junior Boggles has just returned from Paris, spicy with the aroma and blazing with the polish of that capital. We think Boggles a fortunate party; we envy the man of golden accidents his magician palm of Midas. We covet his opulence. We languish for the ormolu and buhl, the tapestry and the carpets of Indian wool, the marble and the bronze, the vases from Tuscany, and the mosaics from Rome; the conservatory wherein the floral wealth of the world holds high carnival, and the songless birds of the tropics swing in their pendulous cages; the library, with its oaken panels and its elaborate carvings—all that he hath, save his mediocre legs and his infelicities of grammar.

In all this there is doubtless an immoral disregard of one of the commandments. But Boggles is so palpably illustrative of the wrong man in the wrong place, that the sentiment is inevitable. He is stifled by his own splendor. He quails in the presence of his own magnificence. His footman overwhelms him with dismay. He is a rook caged in the golden fabric which should hold captive the bird of paradise.

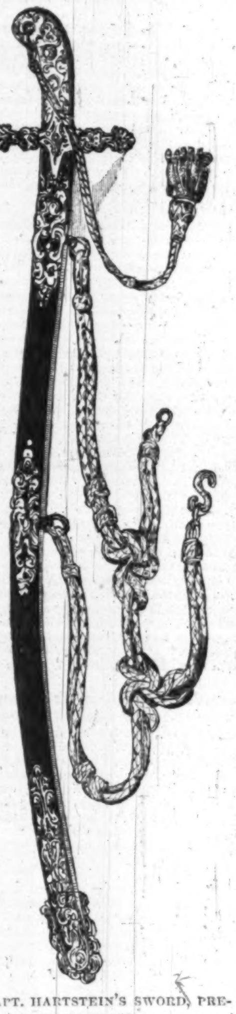
But, notwithstanding his legs, our friend has a social use. The dispensations of society are harmonious, and the man of money enjoys the privilege of paying its little bills. What could be happier? The more conspicuous and resplendent requisitions of that disposition are satisfied by the glow of satin and glimmers of pearls wherewith the wife and daughters of our friend suffuse it.

We began *apropos* of the photograph. That of Boggles is our present theme. It is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Brady, and is a work which should confer upon the artist academic honors. It is Boggles transmuted and apotheosized; Boggles with a reverend and benign aspect. The wart upon his esteemed nose is subdued to the most harmonious and unobtrusive pimple; all the excellent traits of our friend in their Sunday clothes, and all his inharmonies under cover. Oblivious of Boggles in the flesh, and cognizant of this reverend record, you would say, "Behold the beloved of children, and the revered of the bibliopole!" You would imagine countless epics to be forever wandering beneath the periphery of that venerable scalp, and artesian wells of philosophy and thought to be always bubbling beneath those majestic bumps.

We confess to an irreverent estimate of the daguerreotype. Our recollections of that production are antithetic, but chiefly ludicrous. About some hover the melancholy whisperings of the dead. Some present a tangled miscellany of arms and legs in the foreground, with a perspective of head in the blue distance. The eyes of some express unutterable cholic. They mostly err in telling the truth not wisely but too well. If your nose is prominent as you appear booted and spurred upon the highways of life, in the necromancy of the camera it takes the lead of your countenance by a yard. If you squint, the obliquity of vision supplied by your daguerreotype is compound and imperishable. If you are given to mirth, that trait is symbolized by an expression of austere unutterable woe. These qualities justify our irreverence.

But the photograph we approve. We see in it the germ of an art which is to eclipse the Mediæval and the Rennaissance. On one or two occasions the great artist has drawn the bead upon ourselves. He has contributed to our melancholy by requesting us to look as cheerful as possible. We therefore feel qualified to speak upon this as upon all other subjects with fine intelligence. We reverence the art as we honor the artists. The mastery of the camera ranks with the mastery of steam and the electric fluid.

In his famed hemicycle of photography are grouped apotheosized shadows of men. The illustrious and the commonplace are alike exalted; the Boggleses and the Noggleses infused with an alien grace; the Chesterfields and D'Orsays, their elegances all intact; the Clays and Websters in what some rhetorician of extreme polish has designated as "the almighty majesty of skull." Society, perpetually vigilant to catch the first echo of our sentiments upon any and all subjects, will doubtless take still closer to its bosom this child of the sun. Boggles will probably ask us to dinner.



CAPT. HARTSTEIN'S SWORD, PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

VASE PRESENTED TO HENRY GRINNELL, ESQ., BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

ARCTIC TROPHIES.

WE engrave above the Silver Vase which was presented to Mr. Henry Grinnell by the British Government, in token of the high appreciation set by that Government on his chivalrous outlay in the search for Sir John Franklin. It is a large silver vase, of the most elaborate workmanship, in the style known as Italian Renaissance. The bas-relief chasings represent oak-leaves and acorns; those in *alto relievo* depict cavaliers, and remind us of the verses published in this journal on Mr. Grinnell's friend and coadjutor—Dr. Kane:

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-conscorate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE

The inscription on the vase is as follows:

PRESENTED BY
THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT,
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR SINCERE GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,
TO
HENRY GRINNELL, OF NEW YORK,
THROUGH WHOSE EXERTIONS AND MUNIFICENCE
THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION
IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND THE OFFICERS
AND CREWS OF HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIPS
EREBUS AND TERROR, WAS UNDERTAKEN
AND CARRIED INTO EXECUTION BETWEEN THE YEARS 1850 AND
1855.

The other trophy is the sword presented to Captain Hartstein by the Queen of England when he surrendered the *Resolute* to the British Government. It is a beautiful weapon: the blade is of the finest Damascus steel, the scabbard is chased in silver, and the guard is set with carbuncles and brilliants.

An anecdote of Captain Hartstein's visit to the Queen, which has never been in print, may find place here in connection with these trophies. It will be remembered that our gallant fellow-countryman was invited to enjoy the royal hospitality at Osborne. The invitation reached him, it seems, too late to admit of any lengthened preparations for the visit. Captain Hartstein threw a shirt and some other articles of toilet into his valise, and started off. On the way it flashed upon him that he had forgotten to bring a change of stockings. It was not likely that such articles could be bought in the vicinity of the royal demesne, and the gallant Captain was a little annoyed at the result of his forgetfulness. On arrival at the Queen's residence, he was assailed by a party of servants in the royal livery, one of whom seized his valise, and carried it off in triumph, while others requested his commands, and proceeded to show him to his room. Thither the visitor proceeded, ascending the staircase with the deliberateness due to a royal mansion. By the time he reached his room, he found that the officious lackeys had opened his valise and displayed the contents on the bureau and dressing-table; and, greatly to the Captain's surprise, among his property he perceived half a dozen pairs of fine socks. It seems that the *valets de chambre*, perceiving the deficiency in the stranger's wardrobe, had made it good from Prince Albert's stock. Captain Hartstein, not unwilling to bear away a memorial of so pleasant a passage in his career, availed himself of the proffered present, and bore the stockings off with him. We have thus a naval officer who actually treads the deck of an American man-of-war in royal stockings.

HON. ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD, SURROGATE OF NEW YORK.

OUR LITTLE KATIE.

PRETTY little Katie!
Smiling,
Beguiling,
Full of childish merriment that nothing could check;
Without a moment's warning
She'd run down in the morning,
And jump upon my knee, and throw her arms about my neck!

Coaxing little Katie!
Gay thing,
Plaything,
Thinking all the world was made for fun and glee;
Her eyes they shone so brightly,
Her footstep fell so lightly,
Ah, I made too much of Katie, and Kate too much of me!

Romping little Katie!
Tripping,
Skipping,
Through garden and through orchard, or meadow now,
Then back a minute after,
With most melodious laughter,
And rosy as a red-check'd apple on a bough.

* * * * * * *

Solemn little Katie!
Dying,
Trying
To give me one more kiss—but with lips of clay;
She looks very pale and sickly,
She is breathing very quickly,
And angels hover round, to bear her soul away!

Happy, happy Katie!
Wandering,
Pondering,
I hie me to her daisy bed, and muse there alone;
Though cold and sad the place is,
Oh how fair her angel face is,
As she feels the kind embraces
Of Him who loves the little ones, and makes them his own!

THE SURROGATE'S DECISION IN THE CUNNINGHAM CASE.

IN view of the great interest which attaches to the late decision of Surrogate Bradford on the pretensions of Mrs. Cunningham to be the widow of the late Harvey Burdell, we have thought this a good opportunity to give the portrait of that eminent official:

Alexander W. Bradford, the present Surrogate of the County of New York, has been, during the past six months, most prominently brought before the general public by the discussions to which the intestacy of Dr. Burdell and the will of the late Henry Parrish have given rise. As a jurist, learned in the intricacies and mysteries of wills, administrations of estates, and guardianships—whether connected with the doctrines of the civil or common law—he is without a superior in the United States; and his three volumes of his own decisions are cited with eulogistic favor in the Prerogative and Arches Courts of England.

He is a lineal descendant, in the seventh degree, of William Bradford, Governor of Plymouth Colony, and was born in Albany, where his father, an eminent divine, was for a long time settled. Mr. Bradford was graduated at Union College in 1832, and immediately entered the law-office of the late Robert Sedgwick, in New York city. Seven years after his admission, his legal attainments and political popularity secured him the appointment of Attorney to the Corporation of New York. He was always a favorite with the Whig party, who have made him their candidate for the Constitutional Convention of 1846—for Justice of the Supreme Court in 1847—for Presidential elector in 1852. Upon each of these occasions he was defeated with the rest of the ticket; but in 1848,

'51, and '54, he was successively elected Surrogate. At the latter election, so acknowledged was his fitness for the post, after two terms of service, that his "American" competitor cheerfully withdrew from the canvass, and his Democratic competitor (the now Judge Brady of the Common Pleas), openly requested his friends to vote for Mr. Bradford. As Surrogate, he has been remarkable for his suavity, industry, and ready power in grappling with intricate details of fact and law. The three volumes of "Bradford's Reports" are not more valuable to the profession than they are interesting to the general reader. Indeed, many of the cases he has written out are as interesting in dramatic incident and polished style as the pages of a romance. When his fourth volume is published it will undoubtedly contain his decision on the "Burdell" marriage, which will materially enhance the interest of the series.

Surrogate Bradford is also distinguished in the world of *belles lettres*. In 1841 he published an octavo of 435 pages, entitled "American Antiquities; or, Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race." The book was immediately recognized as a valuable addition to the historical libraries of the world, and obtained for its author an election to the "Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen." A degree of LL.D. was given him in 1854 by Union College, when, on the occasion, he pronounced before the Phi Beta Society a philosophical discourse. For eight years, amidst all the labors of his official life, he was sole editor of the *Protestant Churchman*, and has always been an active worker in the Episcopal Church. His advice has been sought as a governing Trustee by both the Colleges of this city—the University and Columbia College.

Judge Bradford is now in the forty-second year of his age, and it is to be hoped that he has yet before him many years of usefulness to the community, in which (as it is confidently asserted by his intimate associates) he lives without an enemy.

We proceed to give the material parts of his judgment on the application of Mrs. Cunningham for letters of administration of the late Harvey Burdell's estate as his widow:

THERE WAS A MARRIAGE.

On the evening of October 28, 1856, the Rev. Uriah Marvine united two persons in the bonds of wedlock, at his residence, No. 732 Greenwich Street, in this city. One of the parties was Emma Augusta Cunningham. The witness was her daughter, Margaret Augusta, and whether the other party was Dr. Harvey Burdell is the question submitted for my decision. This must be determined upon the evidence before me, after discarding that which is unworthy of faith and credit. The point presented for solution is a pure question of fact—Has the claimant established a ceremonial marriage with the decedent?

WHERE WAS DR. BURDELL AT THAT TIME?

I shall first inquire where the decedent was about the period of time when the transaction was on foot. * * *

On a review of this evidence, and bearing in mind that Mr. Fraser and his son, Dr. Roberts, and Mr. Barlow, determined their dates by facts which had duplicates in their main features, I think it manifest that Mr. Douglass stands alone as presenting any positive testimony that the decedent was in New York at the time in question.

Was he at this period in the village of Herkimer?

[The learned Surrogate concludes from the evidence that he was, and adds:]

The evidence I have just considered is fortified by the printed notices of the meeting and the convention, and by the minutes of the Justice of the Peace. The docket of the judgment in Gray and Taylor was irregularly entered in the docket book, out of its date, but the original minutes of the trial were produced, dated October 27, a legal entry made by a public officer, at the time of the occurrence, and entitled to the highest credit. Is it possible, then, this visit did not take place in October, and that so many witnesses, speaking to so many and various circumstances all concurrent, should be mistaken? If some of these events could be confounded with like occurrences nearly contiguous, others could not. Mrs. Wilson made but one visit to New York that Fall. The same remark applies to Mr. Taylor. There was but one County convention held at Herkimer, and but one trial of the case of Taylor and Gray. Again, Dr. Burdell was seen in Herkimer but occasionally, and his presence there would naturally attract attention.

The events themselves which occurred at the time were especially noteworthy in a quiet country town. On any one single date connected with one single fact witnesses may err, but the chances of error diminish as the coinciding circumstances increase in number, and the evidences accumulating from various independent sources converge upon the same point, fitting harmoniously together, and gathering strength by mutual corroboration. This view impressed my mind when I heard the testimony, and has been confirmed by subsequent examination and reflection. There is nothing I can perceive sufficient to impugn or shake it, and it must stand as my conclusion upon the facts.

THE STORY OF THE RING.

I now approach the proofs produced to sustain the allegation that Dr. Burdell was a party to the ceremony the evening of October 28.

Miss Helen Cunningham testifies that the decedent gave her mother a plain gold ring, "put it on her finger," and "told her if she did not like it she could get it changed." This circumstance is important, if it occurred about the time of the marriage. Mr. Silverthen, the jeweler, proved that "some time in 1856" Dr. Burdell purchased of him a plain gold ring, but he could not identify it. As to the date of the gift, Helen said, "I can not remember the date. I think it was before October last: It was before the 28th October. I don't know whether it was a week before; I don't think it was the day before."

Her sister Augusta says this same ring was put on her mother's hand by the decedent the night of the wedding, in the street; but she also states very distinctly that it was given "in July."

HELEN AND AUGUSTA'S STORY OF THE WEDDING-DAY.

In the afternoon of the 28th of October Miss Helen Cunningham testifies that her mother "was dressing in her room," and she said "she was going out with the Doctor." "I think between 7 and 8, very near 8, mother came down in the parlor; she and the Doctor both came in together; mother came to about the centre of the room, and the Doctor leaned against one of the pillars by the folding doors. She then said she was going out with the Doctor, that the suits had all been withdrawn, and every thing was to be settled, and that was the 28th day of October. Mother went out of the room and the Doctor with her. Augusta was there, too, she was standing near the door in the hall. They went out together—the three." Elsewhere she says: "I was a little surprised she was going out with the Doctor, as they had not been out before; while they had this difficulty, I asked her whether she was going out with the Doctor." "The only thing I know with regard to my mother coming back that night was I heard some one in the hall, I went to the banisters and looked over, and saw my mother, Augusta, and the Doctor. The Doctor said something, and they were both laughing when they came up; by both I mean Augusta and mother. They all went to the Doctor's back room, second story. I then went up stairs to my room and retired." "It must have been near ten o'clock when they came in," "the Doctor was laughing, I believe."

Before the Coroner, Helen stated that she did not see the parties on their return, and had not seen Mr. Eckel since breakfast, while on this trial she said that Mr. Eckel, on coming up from tea, spoke with her, and was afterward two hours in his room with a visitor. There are discrepancies also between her account and that of Augusta; but still I am not inclined to impugn the main features of the narrative just given. The value of the occurrence as a link in the chain of evidence depends entirely upon the time. It might very well have happened the evening of the 23d of October, the day the suits were settled, and it comports with that date more than with the date of the marriage, the drift of Mrs. Cunningham's remark relating to the settlement of the suits alone. It is manifest also that Helen at this time first heard of the settlement of the suits, and it is not likely that information so interesting would have been withheld from her five days.

AUGUSTA'S ACCOUNT OF THE MARRIAGE.

The narrative of Miss Augusta Cunningham in reference to the marriage I shall give mainly in her own words: "The Doctor first requested me to witness the marriage-ceremony on Sunday morning next preceding the marriage. The Doctor first spoke to me about it. He asked me if I would be willing to be a witness to a marriage between mother and himself. He also stated that he wanted me to keep it a secret until June next; that he then intended going to Europe with mother. He also stated that he would take me with them if I wished to go; my mother was then present. He asked her if I could keep a secret, and she said he must ask that question of myself. He also stated to me that mother was going to Goshen to see if she could get Dr. Snodgrass to come in town to marry them. I asked the Doctor if it was to be at the house. He said it was to be there, to take place at the house. I then asked him why he wished it kept a secret. He said that he had promised Demis Hubbard that he never would marry any one while she was single, that she was the only incumbrance that he had on his hands at that time, and that she was to be married before June next. Mother then told me I should not ask any more questions about it. I then left the room, leaving the two there together. * * * The next morning the Doctor told me mother had gone to Goshen for Dr. Snodgrass. * * * I don't think he spoke about it again until Tuesday morning (before breakfast, between seven and eight). He then asked my mother what her age was. She told him. She said 35. * * * He had a paper at that time with him, with Mr. Marvine's address, which Mrs. Snodgrass had given mother at Goshen. He stated that he was going to the Bank, and that he would see Mr. Marvine before he returned. I did not see him then until six o'clock in the evening; he was in the hall; he merely made the remark, saying, "I have accomplished it." The witness then describes the preparations and the departure from the house, stating that, as they were passing out, they met Helen "in the hall, the front hall," and her mother told her "to remember this night," but mentioned "no reason." She continues the account by stating that this was between 7 and 8; elsewhere she says "between 6 and 7, I think; near to 7, I think;" that, after leaving the house, her mother said she "had left her gloves," and the two stopped at Mrs. Sollenback's half an hour while the Doctor went to buy gloves; he bought them, and the party then proceeded to the clergyman's, where the ceremony was performed. On the way home she made the remark to the Doctor "what he would say" should she disclose the marriage, and he answered he would "kill" her. Her mother inquired why the decedent had not given Mr. Marvine "the ring?" He replied, "He did not ask for it; he would put it on her finger, and say a few words, and it would do just as well; he then put a ring on her finger in the street. The party arrived at home about 10 o'clock." In regard to cohabitation, she testifies that the newly-married couple slept together that night, and adds, "My mother slept with the Doctor in his bedroom when Mrs. Snodgrass was there. I generally stopped there in the morning to know if she had any word to send down stairs; stopped at the room door; knocked. She would answer. It was the back room she slept in. I did so almost every morning from the time of the marriage, and she always answered me. That continued until some time in December, until the time of my sister's sickness."

CONTRADICTION IN AUGUSTA'S TESTIMONY.

In weighing testimony, and especially in comparing statements made by the same witness at different times, regard should be had to the infirmity of the memory and the likelihood, even with an honest and ingenuous person, of variance in respect to collateral or circumstantial incidents. I am disposed to make every possible allowance for such accidental discrepancies as might be reasonably expected in testimony given at considerable intervals under circumstances of painful interest, agitation, and excitement; but on comparing the evidence given by this young lady at the inquest, and before me, I am constrained to notice important variations, manifestly occurring to suit present exigencies. Before the Surrogate she stated that the Doctor was the first one who spoke to her on the subject of the marriage, and he did so first on the morning of the 26th of October. Before the Coroner she stated her mother was the first who spoke about it; she did so a month or two previously, and the witness immediately after, on the same day, had a conversation with the Doctor, to know if he was willing she should be a witness. Before the Surrogate she stated the Doctor said her mother was going to Goshen the next day to invite Dr. Snodgrass to perform the ceremony. Before the Coroner she stated her mother said the time was not decided. Before the Surrogate she stated that the Doctor mentioned to her as the reason for secrecy, a promise to his cousin not to marry while she remained single. Before the Coroner she stated that the Doctor "never said any thing to her" about the reason, but her mother had remarked it was from fear of being laughed at, after his professions of celibacy. At the inquest, the Rev. Mr. Marvine is reported to have testified something in relation to making the appointment for the wedding at an hour in the evening after he returned "from a religious meeting." Miss Augusta was examined after this statement, and, when asked in regard to the time in the evening the wedding took place, said, "it was after the minister returned from meeting." *Q.* About how late? *A.* He came there about 8 o'clock, I think, and said he had to go to a prayer meeting, and if we would come back in an hour, or an hour and a half, he would be in from meeting. *Q.* Well, did you go back in an hour and a half? *A.* We did. *Q.* That would bring it about half past 9 or 10 o'clock? *A.* Yes, Sir, somewhere about that time." Before the Surrogate, Mr. Marvine stated that the marriage took place at the time appointed; he had not been occupied or detained by any clerical duties, and remarked, when the parties came in, "You see I am punctual." Augusta, who was examined subsequently, then testified for the first time that the ceremony took place at 8 o'clock, and the clergyman, on coming into the parlor, said, "You see I am punctual." Before the Coroner nothing was stated by her about the ring, or the visit to Mrs. Sollenback's, which appeared in proof after she was examined, and the latter circumstance was introduced by her first before the Surrogate.

There are other contradictions between the statements made by the witness at the inquest and at this trial, in reference to Mr. Eckel, the cohabitation of the decedent and her mother, and the lease of the premises 31 Bond Street; but the variations I have noted are so adapted to suit the changes and phases of the case, and the evidence of other witnesses, that it is not important to pursue further this line of comparison.

Thus far we have the positive declaration of one of the claimant's daughters to the identity of the decedent as a party to the ceremony performed by Mr. Marvine.

REASONS WHY SHE CAN NOT [illegible].

But she stands self-contrad[illegible] on important facts; her statements have varied from time to time, and the minute particularity with which she has given conversations with the decedent, relative to the marriage, on the Sunday and Monday before, brings her in direct collision with the mass of testimony showing that the decedent was in Herkimer at the very time these preparations for the nuptials were in progress. It is to be observed also, that the ceremony was appointed for eight o'clock; the parties would naturally leave Bond Street in time properly to meet that engagement; the oversight as to gloves was not noticed until after they left, yet they passed down Broadway beyond Bleecker Street some distance, tarried at Mrs. Sollenback's half an hour while the Doctor was in quest of gloves, which might readily have been obtained on the way, and after this long delay—proceeding on foot, though stages were at hand, till they arrived at the clergyman's house in a distant part of the town at eight o'clock. This was all accomplished in the space of an hour at the farthest, while their direct return home after the ceremony occupied nearly two. Suppose the proofs to stop here, could a secret marriage, carefully kept concealed during the decedent's lifetime, be established as against him on the proof of a single witness standing on these trials in such an attitude as this? Clearly not. In the face of such discrepancies and contradictions, the Court would be compelled to say the allegation had not been proved. It remains to be seen how far this difficulty is remedied by other evidence.

DR. MARVINE'S STORY.

The occurrences connected with the marriage are thus stated by the clergyman. The gentleman first called the morning of the 28th of October, and requested him to officiate at a marriage-ceremony. This interview was before twelve o'clock; he would not say it was before eleven—it might have been between nine and twelve. He took a memorandum of the names and other particulars for his register, which were ascertained by interrogation. From his habit on such occasions, he thinks something was said about bringing a witness, but the name of the witness was not communicated until the evening. The party requested him not to publish the marriage, and an appointment was made for eight o'clock that evening. At the designated time the gentleman called with two ladies, and the marriage was performed. The man was "awkward," as if not knowing "how to act." Mr. Marvine said he had a "faint impression" that the request not to publish the marriage was renewed in the evening by the gentleman, not by the lady, he was "sure." The man paid him a fee of ten dollars. Something was said about his calling for certificate the next day. "He wanted a certificate," and there the matter terminated.

The certificate is dated October 29, and was delivered the morning of that day, before twelve o'clock. The man "sat down in a chair and read it to himself," "appeared to read it with deliberation." "When he got through reading it he nodded his head, and said 'all right,' or something to that effect." "He made no observations about the spelling of the name Berdell; did not ask me to make any correction." "I don't know of any more conversation; that was the substance of it; he then left."

DR. MARVINE CAN'T TELL WHOM HE MARRIED.

On the point of recognition Mr. Marvine said: "Since the murder I have been very much interested in the matter, and have thought a great deal of it. I have recalled the features and general appearance of the deceased, and compared them with the features and general appearance of the man I married, and the more I have done so the more I am convinced that the man I married was Harvey Burdell." On being asked if he had any doubt whatever upon the subject, he replied, "None whatever."

At the first interview, as the man was leaving at the door, the Rev. Mr. Marvine stated he thought "he saw daylight between his whiskers and his face," at the side from the middle of the ear to a point on a line with the mouth. "I thought they were false whiskers, and had sprung out a little." * * * "I remained so impressed up to the second interview." * * * "I did notice particularly at both the next times; at those times I did not notice that they were false; it would have probably operated as a bar to my marrying them if I had discovered any deception." Again: "It was my design not to perform the ceremony if I discovered deception." * * * "I saw no indication whatever at the two last times that the whiskers were false. The impression made by my observation the first time was removed." Now the suspicion in regard to the whiskers being false was not excited at the first meeting while the person was in the parlor, nor until he was leaving at the door in full daylight. At the time of the marriage there was only one gas-burner lighted in a chandelier; and on the third occasion it does not appear whether observation was renewed at the door. If they were false whiskers, and "had sprung out a little" at the first interview, it does not follow that the same accident would be repeated. In any event the impression made on the mind of the witness was so strong as to be the subject of remark in his family and elsewhere. Dr. Parmley says he "dwelt on the false whiskers," and I can not but regard it still as a suspicious circumstance.

WHAT THE DOCTOR'S SERVANTS SAW WHEN THEY PEEPED.

At the time of the solemnization of the marriage there were two domestics in the other parlor privately in the dark observing the proceedings. Only one of these was examined on the trial. Sarah states that she let the parties in at the door, and showed them to the parlor, "did not take much notice of the man; he was a nice stout man on his foot; he had some kind of whiskers" * * * "heard Mr. Marvine say to his lady that the whiskers were full, that they were false." The lady was dressed in black, the folding doors were open 2½ or 3 feet, and she "got a peep at them now and then." During the marriage the parties stood "sideways" to her. She did not hear the gentleman request the marriage should not be published, but says, "I heard the lady say she did not want the marriage to be known;" * * * "she said it." Mr. Marvine "heard it, and made an answer back." The witness also states: "I let the same gentleman in who was married the next morning, when Mr. Marvine was at breakfast (eight or nine o'clock). I didn't pay much attention to his face; I didn't pay no attention, only he had whiskers, and white gloves on his hands." At the inquest, Sarah recognized the claimant and her daughter as the ladies who were present at the nuptials; she saw the corpse and testified: "I couldn't say, I thought it looked very like the man that was married, but I couldn't say whether it was him or not." * * * "I said it looked like him or resembled him; that is all I said." * * * "I told him (the Coroner) I could not say it was the same man, on account of the death, as death disfigures people very much; if I saw the man living I could give a better guess, but seeing the man dead it was pretty difficult to give a guess." * * * "I said the daguerreotype looked like him, and that was all I said; I didn't say it was the man, and I didn't say it wasn't, nor I can't." * * "I could not say whether it was him or not, only it looked like him." Finally, when interrogated before me as to her belief of the identity, she answered: "I can't say," and refused to speak more definitely.

HOW DR. MARVINE TRIED TO RECOLLECT AND COULDN'T.

Let us see, however, what Mr. Marvine did and said when first called to testify. He was taken to view the corpse, and was then requested to state whether that was the body of the man he had married. This was done twice, and under circumstances of such striking responsibility as would naturally arouse the faculties, and intensify their action, and lead him to probe his deepest recollection. There are various versions of what he said on these occasions, and a large part of the time of the Court was occupied at the trial in the effort to exhibit his statements and conduct. In reports of conversations from different observers a variety is to be expected, the substance being presented through different minds and memories. Sometimes great and palpable errors occur, but in the evidence on the point now reviewed there is so much substantial harmony between the witnesses and Mr. Marvine himself, th[illegible] prefer to use his own language, especially where the course and operation of his own mind are under examination, and the witness has laid it bare with a frankness and candor deserving respect. On the Sunday succeding the decedent's death Mr. Marvine states he did not recognize Mrs. Cunningham at all. Shortly before he was examined in this Court he visited her at the Tombs, and he says: "I went, and the first look of the woman it flashed more upon my mind than ever that that was the woman I had married, or, in other words, she then resembled more the woman I married than she did when I saw her on that Sabbath. I am perfectly satisfied that she is the woman I married on the 28th of October last." At the first interview there was an utter and absolute failure to recognize; at the second it "flashed more" upon his mind "than ever" she was the woman he married, and finally he is "perfectly satisfied of it." A process somewhat similar, except that at the outset partial resemblances was observed, took place in regard to the man. He says: "I swore before the Coroner's jury that there were strong points of resemblance between the dead man and the man I married. I won't say that I said strong points, but I said points. I think I mentioned more than one point." I mentioned particularly about the mouth, and I may have mentioned, and I think I did, that I married a man of about that height and weight. I don't remember whether I stated any thing about the mouth more than that it bore some resemblance—I don't think I told in what respect the resemblance was, I think there was some similarity about the mouth." * * * "I think I mentioned the beard and hair." * * * "I think the District-Attorney showing me the daguerreotype asked if I recognized any thing there in the man who came to be married or something like that." *Q.* "Did you not answer, 'I think I do about the mouth, but there is so little resemblance I should not like to swear definitely.'" *A.* "I think that is my reply to the word, 'but,' after that I do not remember saying the rest of the reply." *Q.* "When you were previously asked 'Is the body that of the man you married?' did you answer 'The man I married had larger whiskers,' and was that all the answer you made in respect to the man?" *A.* "I presume I did so answer. I think I did, because the man I married did have larger whiskers, not thicker but longer. I don't remember whether that is all the answer I made to that question, but so far as I now recollect, I think it was." *Q.* "You were asked 'Had he a mustache?' and you answered, 'I can not say.'" *A.* "It was something like that—a dubious expression, I think it was 'I can not say.'" *Q.* "Were you asked, 'Do you recognize either of those parties as the ones who came to your house to be married?' and did you not answer, 'The woman I can not recognize at all; the man had larger whiskers, the deceased has no whiskers, except a goatee; the color of the hair on the face of the deceased and the man I married is the same?'" *A.* "I think I did." On his second examination before the Coroner and after he had seen Mr. Eckel, Mr. Marvine says, "I stated that the body up stairs resembles more the man I married than the man shown to me as Mr. Eckel." Still further, "I did not say I recognized the body, not in those words; do not think I told them I believed that to be the body of the man I married for they asked me no question to lead to such remark."

HE ADMITS THAT HE THEORIZED.

Nothing can be plainer than that Rev. Mr. Marvine was called as a witness at the inquest solely for the purpose of identifying the parties he married, and on the general question of recognition he was morally bound to make as full and free a development as lay in his power—I have no doubt that he did. We must take him as answering according to his knowledge at the time. He justifies having given no positive opinion on that occasion, by saying, "I did not deem myself justified in doing so, inasmuch as I did not hear the man speak, which is one important point in identifying an individual, the voice—and the attitude, the position of the body when standing." This is true; but these points are just as important now as they were at the time of the inquest. Mr. Marvine also freely admits that he has been theorizing upon this question of identification. When he first entered the dwelling 31 Bond Street, the idea was "preached" into him that Mr. Eckel was the man; he "was under that impression" before he saw the corpse; but he adds, "My faith in that theory was mightily shaken when I went up and saw the dead body. That was one of the reasons, after I had seen the dead body, I was not willing to swear positively. I had not at that time got entirely free from that theory, and supposed, when I saw Eckel, I did not know but I might see the man I had married." Again: "I thought it possible I might see a man in whom there were more points of resemblance than in Dr. Burdell." If this was possible in regard to a comparison with regard to Mr. Eckel, is it not still possible in regard to other persons? Who can say whether Mr. Marvine might not yet be confronted with a man "in whom there are more points of resemblance than in Dr. Burdell," and so be justified in taking another theory?

HE TRIES ANOTHER THEORY, AND FAILS AGAIN.

"On seeing Mr. Eckel," Mr. Marvine continued, "my theory was all gone," and "I took the other theory" that "Burdell was the man." "I was confident of it as of my existence." Mr. Marvine states also that since the decedent's death he has conversed with a number of persons who have described the personal characteristics, appearance, and manners of the deceased, and the description has invariably tallied with his own recollection. This admission of hearsay, and this theorizing are very much in the way of a clear and unadulterated act of the memory. If the witness has been applying the facts to different theories, has been listening to descriptions, has allowed his mind to be impressed with the views of others, has been unwilling to give a definite answer about one man until he has seen another, and then expressed a conviction founded largely upon his comparison between the two, in such a case the Court must be careful to discriminate between the fact and the theory. It appears then, that, at the Coroner's inquest the witness when asked if he recognized the body or the daguerreotype, did not say that he did; stated there was a resemblance about the mouth, the color of the beard and hair was the same, but the whiskers of the man were larger than those of the corpse; and again, after he had seen Mr. Eckel and declared he was not the man, on the question as to recognition being again put, said, "The body resembled more the man" than Mr. Eckel did—which was just no resemblance at all. These were Mr. Marvine's statements at the inquest, and I must do him the justice to say that after a careful examination I do not find them to vary from his testimony before me. The only difference between his position at that time and at this lies in conclusions, not in facts. His evidence before me as to identity is limited "to some resemblance in the mouth," the color of the hair and beard, the size and weight of the body; and as to dissimilarity, the greater length of the whiskers: in regard to the moustache, at the inquest he could not say, but now he recollects it. I may add that the resemblance about the mouth, if it related to lineament or expression, could not be very distinctive, as the lower part of the face was mostly covered with the beard. In the absence, then, of an act of distinct recognition after twice being placed on the stand, these are the points of resemblance upon which I am asked to pronounce the identification of a person so to be made out in a case of secret marriage and devolution of property, as to declare it a legal conclusion. It is enough in my judgment that Mr. Marvine did not recognize the man, affirmatively, when he was invoked to test that very question. That was the whole object of his examination of the corpse—twice he was there—the daguerreotype was shown to him—he saw Mr. Eckel—twice he was placed on the stand—and he never spake to an act of recognition, but only to resemblance in regard to which he reasoned, theorized, and compared. He did not find the same picture, but some similitude to it, no greater, in my opinion, than might be expected in an effort to simulate the person of the decedent; and if at this moment a person were produced who presented more points of resemblance to the man he married than Dr. Burdell, we might reasonably anticipate a change of his belief and conclusion. * * *

REASONS FOR DECIDING AGAINST THE MARRIAGE.

It becomes my duty to pronounce against this allegation of marriage. The reasons leading to this conclusion may be summarily stated thus:

1. The marriage was clandestine, and there is no presumption in favor of a secret marriage, neither preceded nor followed by cohabitation.
2. The clergyman selected was unknown to the parties.
3. The place appointed was distant from the decedent's residence.
4. The only witness chosen to be present was one of the daughters of the claimant.
5. The witness is contradicted by her own statements, made under oath at different times, and by other evidence.
6. There is no sufficient identification of the decedent—no act of recognition on the part of the clergyman, but only resemblance indicated.
7. The certificate of the marriage affords no evidence of identification.
8. The certificate is incorrect as to the name of the decedent, and evinces ignorance or error as to the place of his nativity.
9. There were suspicious circumstances attending the transaction.

10. The marriage was not confided by the claimant to any member of her family, save one.

11. There was no private or public acknowledgment—no cohabitation; but the alleged parties lived as single persons.

12. On the part of the claimant there were confidential relations with another person in respect to whom the decedent charged improper intimacy.

13. The terms of the settlement of the suits alleged to have led to the marriage are in writing, and exclude the assertion of other terms.

14. The marriage took place after the settlement had been concluded and carried out.

15. The claimant executed written instruments to the decedent in her own name after the marriage. She assigned a judgment, he drew a check to her order, she indorsed it, and he swore to an affidavit—in all which she was described by her own name.

16. At the settlement she stipulated for a new lease of the house.

17. Shortly before the decedent's death she released all causes of action and abandoned her agreement for a lease.

18. He spoke of her with contumely and reproach, and made repeated declarations against marriage.

19. He was determined to compel her to leave the premises, and a new lease to another party was about to be executed.

20. The marriage was first announced after his death.

This is not a case where the proofs have left the mind of the Court in doubt. Not only are they insufficient to affirm the marriage, but in my view they utterly negative and overturn it. There is not a solitary sign of that relation, but at every point facts stand out wholly inconsistent with a matrimonial union from the 23d of October until the decedent was carried to his grave. Speech, writing, and actions which express more than either, constantly proclaim that the parties were single.

RESUME OF THE DRAMA.

We find the decedent and the claimant at one time upon terms of mutual kindness, attention, and daily intercourse. This concord was unbroken until on the one side jealousy, and on the other suspicions of treachery and improper dealing, gave it a blow from which it never recovered. From that period until the decease of Dr. Burdell, I can discover nothing but a mutual struggle on the part of the man to eject the woman from his house, and relieve himself from her presence and influence; and, on the part of the woman, an increasing and persistent determination not to be driven from the strong position she occupied in the very centre of his home. He charges her with stealing, she assails him with actions for slander and breach of promise of marriage, and then the combatants draw off, and the suits are discontinued. At this point the claimant insists that a marriage was consummated, not through affection, for the absence of that is apparent, but through fear, by intimidation — in fact, by coercion—the decedent having presented to him two alternatives, to marry his assailant, or to face her attack and defend the suits. But it must be remembered that the suits, if continued, would have been likely to affect the plaintiff's character as well as the defendant's; and the latter might therefore well doubt whether they would ever be pressed, even if he remained passive. The application of the Doctor for a subpœna to Mrs. Cunningham on a charge of stealing, shows that he had no intention of submitting quietly. Finally, all proceedings are abandoned on both sides, the terms of the compromise are committed to writing, and the settlement was closed the 23d day of October, five days before the alleged nuptials. Such an important element in the arrangement as a compulsory marriage, would hardly have been left by a suspicious and vigilant party to be executed subsequently. The stipulations of settlements between antagonists are ordinarily consummated on both sides simultaneously. Indeed, if a marriage were understood as a part of this adjustment, there would have been no formal adjustment at all; the marriage itself, uniting the two parties together, would have instantaneously given the wife a home in her husband's house without a rent charge, would by its necessary effect have blotted out all causes of action, and rendered useless and futile all agreements and all releases. The whole process of determining these controversies then raises the strongest presumption against even a voluntary marriage intended shortly to be solemnized, and is utterly repugnant to a compulsory marriage insisted upon as one of the terms of the settlement. Let us look a moment at some other facts. The decedent had, in the summer, ceased to take his meals in the house—did he return after the alleged marriage? He had spoken of Mrs. Cunningham as an artful and dangerous woman—did he desist from such representations to his confidential friends after the alleged marriage? Was it his wife he thus characterized and abused in the most bitter and venomous terms—a woman whom he had taken to his bed, and whom he expected to recognize in a few months, before the world, by his name, and as the partner of his station and wealth? Was it a proposed wife who took a new lease of the house in the agreement of October 23d? Was it a proposed wife whom he desired to sign the unexecuted release of all causes of action on the 18th of October? Was it his wife with whom he was dealing on the 14th of November, when he drew his check to the order of "E. A. Cunningham," and she indorsed it in that name; and when, by the same name and on the same day, she assigned to him the Burdell judgment, and on the 19th of November appeared before a commission and acknowledged the instrument, Mr. Thayer, the counsel, swearing to her identity as "Emma A. Cunningham?" Was it his wife the decedent described in his affidavit, sworn the 24th day of November, and found in Mr. Eckel's possession, as "Mrs. E. A. Cunningham?" Was it his wife who he feared would renew the suits in January, and who signed the release of January 24 in the name of "E. A. Cunningham?" Again: he was about letting for the ensuing year the portion of 31 Bond Street not occupied by himself, reserving some apartments for his own use. As early as June he had begun the struggle to be free; step by step may be traced the progress of his efforts to remove the claimant; and finally, when, after a scene of violence, on Saturday, January 24, he procured a written agreement to surrender the premises on the 1st of May, he proceeded to consummate the long-pending negotiation with Mrs. Stansbury, and the afternoon of Friday, 30th, announced the papers ready for signature the next day. These facts are not to be mistaken; his purpose was understood by her and declared by him. Were these two persons, standing at this point of antagonism, husband and wife? Were they mutually conscious of a lawful marriage? Here was a woman of energy and determination, supposed to be equal to the task of forcing him into compulsory wedlock—alleged to be then holding in her hands the fruits of that bold project—invested with a right of dower in his estate, a title to abide in his home and receive maintenance and support—able at any moment to proclaim her rights to the public, and enforce them before tribunals of justice—and her alleged husband was on the eve of signing an instrument which in a few months would eject her and her family, and introduce others in their stead. That little paper signed by the Rev. Mr. Marvine, the certificate of marriage, if it certified the truth, was a potent argument against the contemplated deed; but not a sound was heard, and the name of wife never passed her lips, until death arrested the consummation of the act, and she declared herself the widow of the deceased. Under such startling and extraordinary circumstances, it is impossible to believe that these parties thus for the space of three months dealing, acting with and treating each other—each holding themselves to the world as single, and each toward the other behaving in a manner wholly inconsistent with the marital relation—were man and wife. We must treat such a case, in the conclusions we draw, according to the ordinary course of human nature. Conduct improbable, unreasonable, absurd, and inexplicable in view of one relation, but natural, reasonable, probable, and explicable in view of another relation, possess overwhelming power in determining the relation, and in deciding between truth and falsehood. A series of circumstances such as in Providence has been developed in this cause, showing at every step and link a connected and harmonious chain of evidence against this pretended marriage, can not be fabricated; it is the result of a natural process; it strikes the mind with irresistible force, and leads to entire satisfaction and conviction, that the decedent was unmarried at the time he came to his unhappy death.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

WHY is the letter G like the sun?—Because it is the centre of *light.*

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face; sarcasms are what they pay him out with behind his back.

Young men who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take *ardent spirits.*

"Are you mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.

"No, Sir; I'm the man that cooks the *mate.*"

Some simple souls imagine bluntness and honesty to be constant associates, but if they expect to find the pair always in company many and grievous disappointments await them in this uncertain world. There are rude knaves as well as polished ones, being, doubtless, adapted to the varieties of men they are destined to do for. A man can chisel (the phrase is more expressive than elegant) quite as well with bad as good manners, and if one's fingers are doomed to be cut, who would not prefer a keen razor to a rough saw.

A brave officer who had been wounded by a musket-ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to cut and probe in that region of his anatomy. After a while the "subject" said:

"*Don't* cut me up in that style, Doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?"

"We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator.

"Why didn't you *say* so, then, before?" asked the indignant patient. "I've got the ball in my pocket!"

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No, Sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

At an excursion the members were ferried from the steamer to the shore in boat loads. A popular clergyman, noted for his obesity, had got into one of the boats, and a reverend brother seemed reluctant to follow, lest the boat should be overloaded. "Come away," said he in the boat, "there is still room for you and no danger, provided you have none of your sermons in your pocket."

A poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be afther parting with it, but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

THE MEDICAL MAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Upon one "fringed curtain"
  Of thy so lustrous eyne,
Hath come, 'tis but too certain,
  A residence for swine,
That eye, with tears suffusing,
  Is plaintive in eclipse,
My tardy hand accusing,
  Accuse me, too, thy lips.

Dearest, my willing lancet
  Must yet delay its lunge;
Somewhat thou may'st advance it
  With poultice and with sponge.
One cut, a little later,
  The blinding stye shall heal,
And make a new Spectator
  With the gentle touch of Steel.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN'S SNEER.—What in a Woman is called "curiosity," in a Man is grandiloquently magnified into the "spirit of inquiry."

DESTRUCTIVE HABITS.—It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke—and ladies who dance—till three or four in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

Some time in 1838 or 1839 a gentleman in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of several of the best men in Tennessee. Money was tight, and Boston bankers looked closely at the names.

"Very good," said they, "but, but—do you know General Jackson?"

"Certainly."

"Could you get his indorsement?"

"Yes, but he is not worth one-tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you."

"No matter; General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money upon the strength of his name."

In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment these Boston bankers saw the tall A and long J of Andrew Jackson, our Tennesseean says he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest difficulty.

So much for an established character for honesty. However men may have differed with Andrew Jackson politically, no man could deny him the merit of being an honest man.

The *Examiner* of this city publishes a communication which opens with the following pithy anecdote: "Many years ago an amusing little incident occurred in our small village, which, from its applicability to things of more importance, impressed itself on my memory. A little lad, in crossing the street in front of my uncle's house to a small 'dry goods and grocery store' on the other side, was frightened by the violent barking of a large dog near the shop, and had not courage to proceed. The owner silenced the dog, and then bade the child come on, as there was now no danger. '*Ah! but,*' said the little fellow, casting a dubious glance at the object of alarm, '*the barks is in him!*' The expression passed into a sort of proverb in our family, as a pithy statement of the truth that the nature remains the same whatever the outward seeming, and may be expected to manifest itself at any favorable opportunity."

"How very easy 'tis," cries Tom, "to write;
I find't no hardship verses to indite."
"To credit that," quoth Dick, "no oaths we need;
The hardship is for *those who have to read.*"

A gentleman in the suburbs of Edinburgh, who had found it difficult to save his grounds from depredation, and had painted "man-traps and spring-guns" in vain, hit on the following experiment. Procuring a human leg from the Royal Infirmary, he had it dressed up in a stocking, shoe, and buckle, and sent it through the town by the town-crier, who exhibited it aloft in public view, proclaiming it had been found in Mr. Walter Ross's grounds, at Stockbridge, and offering to restore it to the disconsolate owner.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
  Midst sunshine and midst rain,
Our sympathies are hand in hand
  With sorrow, joy, and pain;
Our hearts are always ready
  For the weakly and oppressed,
Our hands are always open
  To the needy and distressed.

Brown says he was considerably startled the other day on reading the name of a treatise entitled "God against Slavery;" but was entirely quieted when, by reading on a little, he discovered that it was only Dr. Cheever!

"I meant to have tould you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and tumbled into a pit full of water.

"No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing happened to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was treated to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain, country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Hill in reply, said:

"No, Sir, it arn't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted, and she is a very fat 'un, and don't seem likely to come out again in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's, too."

Baltimore has the following (said to be "American") organizations within its limits: Blood Tubs, Rip Raps, Thunder Bolts, Rough Skins, Plug-Uglies, Wampanoags, Tigers, Cut Throats, Swann's Babes, Little Fellows, Stay Lates, Hard Times, Ashlanders, Lone Stars, Bushers, Bull-Necks, Corn Cobs, Mug Smashers. Whew!

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

The young gentleman who once saw the day when he "wouldn't associate with mechanics," is now acting as clerk to a manure wagon.

There is one satisfaction in owning a close mouth—it retains all the foolish, as well as the wise words of one's heart.

Quaint old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.

"Tom, tell me the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of stout." "A lie! I never told a lie in my life!" "Draw the stout."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Aug.* 24, 1857.

THE trade of the port last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week of 1856:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 22, 1857	$4,945,862....	$937,512
Corresponding week, 1856	5,663,922....	1,491,837
Decrease this year	$718,060....	$554,325

The export of specie was very large, amounting altogether to $2,680,000 in the week; and the Sub-treasury took nearly $100,000 out of circulation; so that the Bank statement this evening will be unfavorable. Money is a good deal closer; first class paper is selling at 9, and very excellent names are going at 10 @ 12. Experienced financiers predict a good deal of trouble in the approaching month.

Stocks are lower, as a rule: New York Central sells at 76; Erie at 27; Michigan Southern at 27; Reading at 67; Michigan Central at 75; Illinois Central at 111, and lower prices are looked for.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LECTURE SEASON, 1857-8.

MR. G. VANDENHOFF,
43 BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON,
is now making his arrangements with
LYCEUMS, ATHENÆUMS, &c.

With Vandenhoff's acquirements, and his advantages of voice and manner, he is calculated to be the most successful and popular lecturer of the day. As a dramatic reader, there is no one in the country who can compete with him.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who want a Sewing Machine of universal utility—one that will sew the lightest fabrics and the heaviest fabrics better than any other—the best machine for family use, manufacturing, plantation use, or any use whatever—a machine that don't get out of order, and with which an industrious woman can readily earn $1000 a year—can obtain it nowhere except at the office of
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The aperient, antiseptic, and restorative properties of this invaluable preparation render it a safe and certain Cure in Cases of Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and numerous Ulcerous and Eruptive Diseases.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, 100 Fulton Street, N. Y. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.
Sold by Druggists every where.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY for Young Ladies.—In addition, Salt-water Bathing and Horseback Riding. A Catalogue may be had of the Principal, Box, Boston, Mass.

KEEP YOUR TEETH CLEAN.—The almost universal complaint of decayed and decaying teeth among almost all classes, is, indeed, most deplorable. To know that *our very bones should rot in our mouths* in youth and middle age is, at least, a lamentable fact. Nor is this calamity confined to Americans, though it is said American women, *more* than any others, are unfortunate in this respect. But look in the mouth of the beef and plumb-pudding-eating Englishman, the sturdy oatmeal-eating Scotchman, the potato-eating Irishman, the sausage-eating, tobacco-smoking, and beer-drinking German, the frog-eating, coffee and wine-drinking Frenchman, *all* have occasion for the services of a dentist.

It is said that the teeth of our native American Indians, including the Esquimaux, who live beyond the reach of whisky and tobacco peddlers, are far better than those of their more civilized brethren.

The native African is said to be blessed with sound teeth, but, so far as our studies and observations extend, most, if not all *civilized* nations, are "rotting in the mouth."

The old "remedy" of chewing and smoking tobacco only *aggravates* the evil (so say all dentists), while the almost universal practice of medicine taking, hot tea drinking, eating hot food, including the flesh of animals, probably has *something* to do with this early decay of human teeth. Then, again, most people neglect to clean the teeth. Living upon unnatural condiments, pastry, confectionery, and drinking vile stuff, the teeth become corrupted and covered with foul tartar, and filled with rotten filth; then comes a sickening foul breath, so foul, indeed, as to be almost past endurance by another, whose breath, in turn, though of a *different odor*, may be no *less* impure. Now this nuisance *may be lessened, and abated*, if not entirely removed. Let each and every person, old and young, make it an invariable rule *to wash and clean the teeth* at least once a day with the *Balm of Thousand Flowers.* Let mothers see to it, that their own and their children's teeth are *properly washed* with this article. Begin now.

If you have no tooth brush, get one the very first opportunity. You do not need either tooth-powders, tooth-paste, or powdered charcoal. The use of the Balm of Thousand Flowers is all that is necessary.

For Sale by all Druggists, price 50 cents per bottle.
W. P. FETRIDGE & CO., 281 Broadway.
Beware of Counterfeits.

"GROVER & BAKER'S" CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

☞ 20 different styles with the latest improvements.

These are unquestionably the best Machines for *family use* in the market.

No family, who prizes *home comforts,* will do without a GROVER & BAKER MACHINE, made expressly for *family use.*

495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 57 St. Charles Street, New Orleans; 87 Front Street, St. Louis; 6 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; and 730 West Street, Philadelphia.

475—CHARLES STREET & CO.—BROADWAY.
SHAWLS,
CLOAKS, AND MANTILLAS,
FOR THE
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AT RETAIL.

Strangers and visitors in the City are notified that our large and magnificent store is devoted exclusively to the sale of the above garments, and that we are now prepared to exhibit in advance of the usual Paris deliveries,
SHAWLS AND CLOAKS
of the most elegant and novel description.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to visit our elegant warerooms, feeling assured that they will meet with the most polite attention, and will be freely shown our choicest novelties, whether they wish to purchase or not.
CHAS. STREET & CO., No. 475 Broadway,
One block below the St. Nicholas Hotel.

BACON *says, "A few words go to prove a fact."* It is so, for Bogle's Hyperion Fluid for the Hair, his Prize Medal Electric Hair Dye, and his Balm of Cytheria for beautifying the Complexion, are, in truth, unsurpassed in their virtues. Sold by WM. BOGLE, Boston, and Druggists every where.

IT IS NOT A DYE.
MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER
Restores Gray Hair to its natural color.
Cures all diseases of Hair and Scalp.
MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING
Superior to all others for children or adults.
These preparations are exported to Europe.
They are recommended by persons of highest standing.
Send to Depot, No. 355 Broome Street, for circular and information. Sold every where.

"WOODLAND CREAM"—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only Fifty Cents. None genuine unless signed
FETRIDGE & CO., Proprietors of the
"*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*"
For sale by all Druggists.

"CONSUMPTION."

Dr. H. JAMES's wonderful Remedy for the Cure of Consumption can only be obtained at 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. Dr. H. JAMES, of 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, has no Office or Agent in New York. Price $2 00 per bottle. Recipe sent by mail if four postage stamps are enclosed.

[*From the New York Times.*]

A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate, their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents.

Beware of Counterfeits.
None genuine unless signed by
FETRIDGE & CO., NEW YORK.
For sale by all Druggists.

CATARRH.—Without controversy, the fact exists, that GOODALE'S Errhine is curing, and has cured, the worst cases of Catarrh!

The disease has never been understood. Physicians admit this, and acknowledge their inability to cure it. Goodale *once* confessed his ignorance of it. *He does not now.* Catarrh *can* be cured—*radically* cured! The truth of this assertion will be demonstrated to any victim of the disease on trial of it according to directions. It is in fluid form, and a few drops only to be inhaled into the nostrils. To be had at 385 Broadway, N. Y. Price $1 00, with directions.

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